THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 37 -- E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1927.

Historical Society o

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Harry Ambrose VandeBogart, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Statutes of Ontario, in that behalf, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Harry Ambrose VandeBogart, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the Executor of the said estate, F. B. VandeBogart, Napanee, P.O., R. R. 6, on or before the 20th day of August, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims, duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said 20th day of August, A.D., 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.

Dated this 19th day of July, 1927. 34-d

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office : Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

FOUND—Yale key with lead seal attached. Owner apply at this Office.

WANTED — Experienced maid, middle aged woman preferred. Apply MRS. C. WITE, Bridge St., Napanee. 35

WANTED—Hear from owner good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. D. F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 31e

FOR SALE—House and lot in South Napanee. Frame house, good garden, immediate possession. Apply HARRY SEYMOUR. 31

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee ; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with the crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional, known as the J. E. Griffith farm. New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

REAL ESTATE.

Two 150-acre farms, fine buildings, on Hay Bay ; Three 50-acre farms, improved. These farms are well located and in good districts ; Good country store business proposition ; Several good residences in town.

T. H. WIGGONS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

FOR SALE.

A 100 acre farm, at a bargain ; an exceptionally good 200 acre farm ; a good 100 acre farm, stock, machinery, and crop, easy terms ; Mrs. Gerow's brick store handis St., and residence and land on Palace Road, just outside of town ; Harry Walsh farm, Morven, at a bargain for quick sale ; Madden property, over 50 acres on Belleville Road, choice land, only 4 acres in town limits; a good 160 acre farm, Switzerville Churc on same lot and school across road ; D. N. Lucas farm, 100 acres, about 4 miles from town ; Fraser Allen farm, 150 acres, Newburgh ; James E. Hamilton farm, 115 acres, Yarker, Clayton Cranston farm, 200 acres, Switzerville ; W. Henderson farm, Palace Road. Several residences moderately priced, and two good business properties in town. 37

JOHN WILSON,
Phone 26, Napanee.

Familiar Manner.

"Pardon me," said the young man, "but your face is familiar."

"So is your manner," retorted the girl.

Coin-Counting Machines.

Thirty electric coin-counting and packing machines are in use at the Bank of England. Each machine counts £1,500 an hour.

Coal.

Over 6,000 tons of coal are required to take a big liner from Liverpool or Southampton to New York.

STELLA.

There is still a large quantity of hay yet to be handled in this locality. Many fields of barley have been cut. Grain in some instances on the island is a good crop and other fields are poor.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Munroe and family are spending several weeks in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Three Rivers, Que., are visiting at J. E. McFern's.

Passengers going to the city on Friday last were compelled to remain until midnight. The steamer Brockville had to be placed in the dry dock for repairs.

Jos. Beaubien, Detroit, Mich., is spending a few weeks with relatives here.

Mrs. Reginald Instant and Miss Estella Instant, have returned from a trip through Northern Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Baker, Kingston, spent a few days with friends here before leaving for their new home in Trenton, where Mr. Baker has purchased a milk business.

Mrs. Abbey,, Ottawa, is with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reid and son, Oshawa, are at Mrs. A. Reid's.

HOW TO PREPARE TEA.

In the countries of the East, where the drinking of tea has been enjoyed for a thousand years or more, the subject of preparing the leaf for consumption has become a fine art and a ceremony, but the full, delicious refreshment and healthful stimulation may be extracted from the fragrant tea-leaves, of the following rules are followed exactly :

Rule No. 1.—The best quality of tea must be used. The tea also must be fresh, to yield the full goodness.

Rule No. 2.—The quality of the water used will affect the flavor of the beverage in the cup. Draw fresh cold water and bring to a hard "bubbly" boil. Never use water that has been boiled before. Sometimes chlorine put in water to purify it will completely change the flavour of the tea. The water is to blame, however, and not the tea.

Rule No. 3.—It is proper that only a crockery or china teapot be used, never one of metal or any other substance if the pure and delicius flavour of the tea is to be drawn forth. Tea likewise should never be enclosed in a metal tea-ball.

Rule No. 4.—The teapot must be scalded out with boiling water and while it is warm, place in it one LEVEL teaspoonful of tea for each cup required.

Rule No .5.—Now pour the boiling water instantly upon sufficiently to diffuse fully the strength of the tea. Then pour the liquid off the leaves into another heated vessel, unless served immediately.

If poured off in this way, the tea will not take on a bitter taste, which even the finest tea will do unless prepared in this way.

Tea made according to these rules will be fragrant, delicious and completely satisfying.

ODESSA.

Mrs. Calvin Emmons was hostess for a very enthusiastic meeting of the ladies aid held in the church last Wednesday. The programme was patriotic, suitable to the Confederation month. Mrs. Shaver was listened to with great interest, as each year her breezy talks are more appreciated. Mrs. Courtland Snider and Mrs. Stanley Snider delighted the friends with vocal and instrumental selections. During the social half hour Mrs. Nickle and her daughter, Mrs. Hodgson, were given a very warm welcome by their former associates and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holmes and daughter, Alice, are on a two weeks' holiday visiting with the former's parents at Comber and also to visit relatives in Acton.

Mrs. Nickle, Manilla, and her daughter, Mrs. Hodgson, Kingster, spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Maybee.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and daughter, Norine, Toronto, spent a couple of weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Graham.

Mrs. Morgan, Deseronto, and Mr. E. J. Leveque and daughters, Mary and Veronica, and son Eddie former's daughter, Mrs. Morden Oshawa, spent Sunday last with the former's daughter, Mrs. Morden Vrooman.

Fred Laughlin, Napanee, spent a few days with his cousin, Chas. Hillier.

Mrs. Cecil Clarke and son, Gordon, Kingston, are visiting relatives.

The Misses Helen and Jean Stagg, Kingston, are holidaying with their uncle, Earl Silver.

Charley Hamm, Toronto, spent last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hamm.

Mrs. Morden Vrooman and Miss Lizzie Lawlor, spent a few days with the former's mother, Mrs. Marchington.

Mr. and Mrs. David Marshall and son, Graham Marshall, who have been visiting Mrs. Marshall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Graham, have returned to their home in Toronto.

Mrs. Pearl Storms has returned from a delightful motor trip, spending three weeks with friends in Toronto and returning by way of Niagara Falls, Hamilton and St. Catharines.

Mrs. A. Hagerman has returned from spending the past two weeks with her son, Kenny Hagerman, Rochester.

The Odessa baseball team played at Newburgh last Wednesday. The score was 20-4 in their favor.

LOWER SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS AND PROMOTIONS.

The results of the Lower School examinations have been received from the Department of Education, and the following promotions are based upon these results in conjunction with the report of the teachers of the Collegiate staff. Those in class A have secured first class honors, an average of 75% for the year. Class B contains all who made a pass of 50% in all the subjects taken. Class C contains the pupils who are below the pass in one or two subjects indicated in brackets, and in some cases may be permitted to continue these subjects in the next form, provided they show satisfactory progress during the fall term. Otherwise they must rewrite the subjects in the preceding form next June.

FIRST YEAR (Promoted to Form 2.

A.—Doris Anderson, Alan Aylsworth, Margaret Bedore, Christena Galt, Betty Gibbard, Mabel Jackson, Hilda Preslar, Georgie Scott, Mildred Smith, Dorothy Spraggett, Dorothy Wilson, Francis Wright.

B.—Jean Asselstine, Marion Baird, Kathryn Clark, Tillie Davy, Norine Denison, Margaret Dougan, Gena Duffett, Marion Exley, Edna Funnel, Eileen Gallagher, Jean Graham, Luella Hagerman, Ada Hodgson, Gladys Huffman, Donald Jackson, Mabel Kinnear, Grace Lasher, Mildred Loucks, Gordon McGregor, Jean Mcilwaine, Muriel McKnight, James Moffat, Emma Nugent, Isobel Paul, Pearl Peters, Harry Robinson, Jean Robertson, Thomas Webb, Harold Webster .

C.—Edith Box (Geog.), Marion Embury (Lat.), Arthur Frink (Fr.), Helen Fretts (Lat.), Margaret Hart (Lat.), Neil McNeil (Lat., Fr.), Gordon Moore (Fr., Hist.), Angus Smith (Fr.), Wilson Smith (Lat.), William Templeton (Hist.), Claude Ramsay (Hist., Lat.), Willam Garrison (Fr., Alg.)

SECOND YEAR (Promoted to Form 3.

A.—Vera Burnard, Reginald Chapman, Mabel McHoull, Gordon Paul, Grace Scott, Marjorie Sills, Lois Stalker, Roland Stalker.

B.—Marjorie Daly, Stanley File, Jack Grange, Thelma Hamily, Robert Howitt, Fred Hudson, Elsie Lord, Milton Martin, Marguerite McConnell, Kathleen McFarlane, Henry Merriam, Marion Reid, Cecil Sutherby, Marion Thompson, Russell Vanalstine, Claude Winter.

C.—Helen Barnhart (Arith.), Ambrose Deane (Lat.), Joseph Galt (Lat.), James Peavy (Gram., Arith.)

The following pupils have received credit only in the subjects indicated and may substitute subjects for them in the next form. They must consult the principal regarding their course for next year by letter ,stating their intentions for next year, or by personal interview. The Collegiate office will be open during the last of the holidays on dates and at hours which will be announced later.

Vivian Benn (Gram., Agr., Geom., Eng.), Lester Boyes (Arith.), Audrey Davy (Geog., Eldon Wagar (Geog.), Norris Hagan (Geog.), Grace Harrigan (Art, Agr.), Nelson Kennedy (Agr.), Amy Moore (Hist., Geog.), Donald Normile (Geog), Francis Pringle (Geog.), Frank Thompson, Boys, (Geom.), Joseph Thomson (Arith., Eng.), William Vandusen (Phys.), John Vanalstine (Geog.), Ernest Vick (Hist., Geog., Agr.), Fennie Waddell (Geog., Art, Agr.)

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The following are granted diplomas for successfully completing the two-year course.

Muriel Garrison, Ruth Graham, Mary Kimmett, Dorothy Lucas, Fern Sylver.

PROMOTED TO THIRD YEAR COMMERCIAL.

A.—Those securing second year diplomas.

B.—Evelyn Barrager, Josephine Clarke, Carmel Fretts, Ruth Mallory, Christobel Taylor, Ayliffe Benn, Norma Fretts, Hazel Frink, Marion Grass, Florence Lasher, Gladys Parrott.

Birds Beat Him to It.

A man raced birds from London to Pontefract and lost by an hour. Brig.-General Brooke, M.P. for Pontefract, liberated 400 homing pigeons outside the British House of Commons and then jumped into a taxi to catch a train to Wakefield. Reaching the Wakefield, he made a dash in a motor-car over the remaining eight miles to Pontefract, arriving an hour after the first bird.

Tit for Tat.

The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her. "You are not so gallant now, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed, in a gentle rebuke.

"No," was the ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when you were a gal!"

First Girl for 125 Years.

For the first time for 125 years a girl has been born in a family in Woking, England. The father, Ernest Kohler, is one of six sons and his father was one of five sons.

Expel Heat Through Tongue.

Dogs do not perspire; they expel heat through the tongue.

Binder Twine.

Plymouth Binder Twine and Horse Fork Rope or Horse Fork Chain at WILSON'S HARDWARE.



Largest Locomotive Hauls Royal Train

Special issue to commemorate the opening of New Union Station at TORONTO, Ontario CANADA August 6, 1927

One of the 6100 Northern Type locomotives, recently placed in service by the Canadian National Railways for hauling their fast passenger and manifest freight trains, was the first locomotive to haul a train into the new Union Station at Toronto, on the occasion of the opening of this station by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. On this occasion also, the first ticket issued from the ticket booths of the new station was one entitling His Royal Highness to passage "Between All Stations" on the Canadian National System for all time. Immediately after declaring the new depot open, the Prince proceeded to the Canadian National ticket windows where he was issued "Ticket No. 1." Tickets numbering two, three and four were issued to Prince George, Premier Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin respectively. Forty of the monster engines of the type which hauled the royal train are being constructed in Canada for handling the fast passenger and manifest freight trains of the National System.

W. W. TRELEAVEN DIES AFTER SHORT ILLNESS

TORONTO MERCHANT STRICKEN WITH PNEUMONIA WHILE ON VACATION.

Stricken by a sudden attack of pneumonia while on his summer vacation, William Wesley Treleaven, of 21 Summerhill Ave., Toronto, passed away on Saturday morning at the residence of Mr. Edwin Miller, Napanee, in his fiftieth year.

His death came with tragic suddenness, as earlier in the week he had been in apparently perfect health and had been enjoying a beneficial holiday with his wife and, thirteen year old daughter, Jean, with relatives in the neighborhood of Napanee and Kingston.

On Tuesday he became slightly unwell and decided to rest at the home of a sister-in-law, Mrs. J. E. Miller, but his condition gave no cause for alarm until Thursday, when a specialist was called in following alarming symptoms, diagnosed his illness as pneumonia, and held out little hope for his recovery. The end came at 10.30 Saturday morning.

The late Mr. Summerhill was born at Dungannon, Ontario, but when a young man went to Toronto, where for a number of years he was a prominent figure in the drygoods business. He was a member of the North Toronto Business Men's Association, and was additionally well known, apart from his business connections, as the nephew of the late Rev. R. J. Treleaven, for many years a well known minister of the city of Toronto.

The remains were taken to Toronto on Saturday and the funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 from St. Paul's United church, Avenue Road, of which he was a member. The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. Harold Young, and Rev. R. Newton Powell, of Centennial United church, a former pastor of St. Paul's. Interment was made at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Besides his wife and daughter, Mr. Treleaven is survived by his aged mother, Mrs. Robert Treleaven, three brothers, Norman and Frederick, of Toronto, and Bert, of Dungannon.

EDITOR NAPANEE EXPRESS.

Having read in the columns of your paper of last week's issue of the wonderful achievement of the Napanee Leafs, Girls' Softball Team in winning the championship of the league, allow me space in your valuable paper to correct an impression of the article.

It was mentioned that it was 19 years since a Napanee team had won a championship. This is a very wrong statement and if the writer of the article will inquire of the baseball records in the Lennox and Addington Baseball League of the year 1925, he will find the Napanee Wagar trophy emblimatical of the championship of the league, the name plate, "Napanee Baseball Team," the first winners.

The team of that year was under the able management of Jack Adams and the league consisted of eight teams divided into two sections. Napanee won their section and played off with Yarker winners for the championship and won both games by comfortable margins and advanced to the semi-finals of the O. B. A. and were defeated by the powerful team from Sydenham. The team that year boasted in its line-up, Ray Loucks, Leo Scrimshaw, Fred Carter, Harry McNeill, Carl Vanalstine Jay Stewart, Leo Doyle, Bill McLaughlin, Ross Loucks, Harold Johnston, Doug. Fraser, Percy Stewart and Ray Huffman.

We do not like to take away the glory of the victory of the Napanee girls, but we do like to see the championship team of 1923 honored as such and not forgotten.

Signed,
FAIR PLAY.

BALDWIN PAYS TRIBUTE TO LAURIER

Ottawa, Aug. 4—Premier Baldwin today laid a wreath on the grave of Laurier—the man who said that love is better than hatred, and faith than doubt.

The British Prime Minister never served with Sir Wilfrid at any Imperial Conference. He was but a private member of the Mother of Parliaments when the great Canadian statesman was making a name for himself at 10 Downing Street, but Laurier's sacrifice of his home life for the service of the State appealed very strongly to Stanley Baldwin, and today he expressed a desire to visit the old Chieftain's last resting place.

Sir Wilfrid sleeps beneath the graceful elms and stately poplars of Notre Dame Cemetery on the Montreal Road—the gateway by which he came to Ottawa as a humble member of Parliament half a century ago. Lady Laurier, faithful helpmeet to the last, rests beside him, and a monument erected by popular subscription of the Canadian people marks the grave.

When the time came Premier Baldwin today. He had been lunching with Right Hon. Mackenzie King at Laurier House, British and Canadian Premiers were accompanied to the cemetery by Mrs. Baldwin. There was no elaborate ceremony. Just a quiet pilgrimage by a British leader of today to the grave of a Canadian leader of yesterday. The whole thing was kept very quiet, and no more than a dozen persons were present in the cemetery when Premier King's automobile bearing the distinguished visitors entered the gates.

The incident occupied but a few brief moments. As the British Premier stepped from the automobile an attendant uncovered a box containing the beautiful wreath of asters and gladiolus, and with heads bared Mr. Baldwin and Mr. King reverently advanced toward the grave, while Mrs. Baldwin stood a few paces to the rear. Premier Baldwin laid the floral tribute at the base of the monument and without any ceremony or speechmaking departed quickly as he had come.

The scene was vastly different from that of the winter day in 1919 when they laid the Liberal Chieftain away. Then the ground was covered with snow and everything seemed cheerless and melancholy. Today the skies were blue, the world seemed to smile. The tree—real grateful shadows on the grave of a Canadian whose name stands fast among the great ones of the Empire and who lives forever with a fame that grows not old.

OIL FIRM SAYS RECKLESS DRIVING MUST STOP

No more timely effort has come to the notice of this department in recent years than the advertising campaign about to be launched by the British American Oil Co., of Toronto.

This company has prepared a series of advertisements to be run in the Canadian press inviting the attention of drivers of cars and pedestrians alike to the rapidly amounting number of so-called motor accidents on the streets and highways of Canada, most of which it is claimed, could be obviated by the mere observance of common sense rules.

Conditions today are such that much of the real pleasure of motoring is lost. A man driving is in more or less constant fear of the other fellow and when the car is entrusted to any other member of the family the need for worry is still greater.

Something had to be done to improve driving conditions. Apparently it remained for this public spirited organization to make a start.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Selby, Aug. 2nd, 1927.

Council met in Town Hall, Selby. Members all present, the Reeve presiding.

Minutes of last session were read and adopted.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that John E. Hudgins' Pay Sheet for July, amounting to $865.25, be paid and cheques issued to various men on pay sheet. Carried.

Moved by A. H .Oliver, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that J. E. Hudgins act as Weed Inspector for the remainder of 1927, at a salary of $3.50 per day, he to furnish his own conveyance, and a by-law be drafted accordingly. Carried.

Moved by C. Hartin, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that By-law No. 156 receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that the County Rate for 1927 be 15 7-10 mills and Township Rate be 7 mills and a by-law be drafted accordingly.

Moved by M .Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that Mr. Wiggins be instructed to investigate the Edward Long drain on Slash Road and Municipal drain known as Hemphly Drain and report to this council. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that the Reeve and Engineer Wiggins be a committee to finish up Tamarack Swamp Drain No. 1. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet on Tuesday ,Sept. 6th.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

FOR THOSE IN DARKNESS.

First Library For the Blind Established in a Little Room.

The British National Library for the Blind has a romantic history. It has grown out of a library for the blind which was established in a little room in Hampstead forty years ago.

Some of the greatest benefactors of the blind have been themselves deprived of the gift of sight, and this was so in the case of the lady who formed the original library.

Since then the movement for lending books to the blind has grown enormously, and there are now over 137,000 volumes in the National Library. The number is always growing, because new Braille books are constantly being produced by voluntary workers throughout Britain. Then grants have also been made for the printing of books in Moon and Braille. The turnover of the National Library is over 1,200 volumes a day, or two tons of books.

"The Royal York."

It has been decided to christen the new Canadian Pacific hotel in Toronto "The Royal York," after the old-time name of the present city of Toronto. To occupy the site of the present Queen's Hotel, the new palatial structure will be 28 storeys high, with all the modern arrangements of ball room, convention hall, roof garden and so forth. The Royal York should prove a splendid new link in a celebrated chain of hostels stretching across the Dominion.

COMING :-: EVENTS

LENNOX FAIR, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th.

PAVEMENT DANCE—Under the auspices of the Napanee Band, Tuesday evening, August 9th. In event of rain the dance will be held on the following evening. Tickets 25c. Three prizes for lucky numbers.



Even Greater Value at Lower Prices

BEAUTY—which reflects a superb achievement of Fisher Craftsmanship.

COMFORT—a luxury formerly restricted to the higher priced cars.

DISTINCTION—in appearance and performance.

POWER—speed, stamina, assured by the most powerful engine of any six at Pontiac price.

SMOOTHNESS—driving ease—effortless performance—proved on the General Motors Proving Grounds.

Only the New and Finer Pontiac Six has ALL of these, at prices so phenomenally low—

—now made LOWER than ever, as Pontiac shares with the public, the economies of volume purchasing and production.

See the even greater Value at Lower Prices, in the New and Finer Pontiac Six.

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ROBT. McFARLAND, - Napanee, Ont.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

Belleville, Ont.

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

DAVID BRINGS THE ARK TO JERUSALEM.

Sunday, Aug. 14—2 Sam. 2: 1-4; 5: 1-5; 6: 1-15; Psa. 24.

Golden Text—We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple (Psa. 65: 4).

It was seven years since David, then a young man of 23, had been anointed by Samuel as God's choice for King of Israel. Seven strange and stormy years they were. After God has disclosed His plans for us, and we have fully accepted His will, we often mistakenly suppose that all our troubles are over. Instead, we may find they have just begun! Certainly this is likely to attack us then harder than ever, and contest every foot of the way, as he did with David.

David patiently waited God's time for receiving the Kingdom, and refused to hurry matters by taking them into his own hands. Finally, as we saw last week, Saul the apostate King, was slain in battle, and with him the Royal heir, Jonathan, David's best friend. Even then David made no move of his own; but the lesson opens with his question asked of the Lord: "Shall I go up into any the cities of Judah?" God answered by a plain command to go to Hebron; and there the men of Judah made David their King.

And then came another seven years' testing and waiting. For Judah was only one of the twelve tribes; the other eleven promptly made another son of Saul, named Ishbosheth, their King. Civil war followed—"long war between the house of Saul and the house of David: but David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker" (II. Sam. 3: 1). Yet David's enemies were the aggressors.

For seven years and six months this went on; then, after Ishbosheth had been assassinated by two of his own Captains, all the tribes of Israel came to David at Hebron and asked him to become their King. He was formally acclaimed; and thus after fourteen years had passed God's promise was fulfilled to the letter, as it always is. At 30 David began his reign over Judah; at 37 he commenced his reign over all Israel and Judah. His total reign lasted forty years.

David's conquest of Jerusalem followed in 1048 B.C., almost three milleniums before General Allenby took the Holy City again, and made possible, under the British mandate, the return of David's people, the Jews, to their own land. David took the stronghold of Zion; the same is "the city of David" (5: 7). Just before David's greater son was born in the shepherd boy's native city, Bethlehem, the angel announced to Mary, His birth, and His name, Jesus, and promised, "the Lord God shall give unto Him the Throne of His father, David: and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His Kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1: 32, 33). The Lord Jesus Christ is still awaiting the fulfilment of that promise: it will be kept to the letter when He returns to this earth to take His Kingdom, as David, after patient waiting, took his.

And now David wanted to bring the Ark of God to Jerusalem. It was right that he should; the ark is one of the most perfect types of Christ to be found in the Old Testament. It was the very centre of the worship of God. But David made the common mistake of doing a right thing in a wrong way.

The ark had had strange experiences for a hundred years before this. Early in Samuel's public ministry as prophet and judge in Israel, the ark had been captured in battle by the Philistines. The wife of an apostate priest, Phinehas, gave birth to a child in that time of tragic defeat for God's people, and "she named the child Ichabod, saying: The glory of the Lord is departed from Israel: because the ark of God was taken" (I. Sam. 4: 24). The captured ark had brought a curse, not blessing, to the Philistines, who soon returned it, on a new cart drawn by cattle, to the people of Israel (I. Sam. 6). It was moved from one place to another, remaining finally at Kirjath-jearim, or Baala, in Judah.

From there David planned to bring the ark to Jerusalem. But he "set the ark of God upon a new cart," just as the Philistines had done. He should have known better. Dr. Scofield has a striking comment on this in his Reference Bible: "The story of David's new cart and its results is a striking illustration of the spiritual truth that blessing does not follow even the best intentions in the service of God except as that service is rendered in God's way. It is a constant point of failure. God had given explicit directions how the ark should be borne (Num. 4: 1-15), but David adopted a Philistine expedient (I. Sam. 6: 7, 8). The Church is full of Philistine ways of doing service to Christ (Compare (I. Cor. 1: 17-31; II. Cor. 10:4-5. See also I. Chron. 15:2).

As the oxen drawing the cart stumbled, and one of the drivers, Uzzah, reached out his hand to steady the ark, the man fell dead. "God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God." It was a terrible lesson, but a needed one. The law of God and the holiness of God, cannot be trifled with. There are well-intentioned people who are trying to steady the ark of God today, and unconsciously setting themselves against God in ways of death.

David learned his lesson, and later he brought the ark of God into Jerusalem in God's won way, and there was great blessing and joy this time.

A Camphor Secret.

At present botanists are puzzled by the problem of the camphor tree. The trouble is that, whereas one camphor tree will produce solid camphor, another, although similar in appearance, will produce only camphor oil, which is far less valuable.

Centuries ago the secret was known to Chinese botanists and they employed it to great advantage. It was also discovered by the Japanese in 1895, when Formosa was ceded to Japan. But the rest of the world remains in ignorance, under the discovery of the camphor tree's secret would be of immense commercial value, and it would lead to Japan losing her present monopoly of this product.

Understood Triple-Entry.

An applicant was interviewing the manager with the view to becoming a book-keeper. Everything seemed satisfactory. The youth appeared capable, and the manager had taken to him from the first.

"Of course," the manager asked, finally, "you understand double-entry eh?"

"Rather," returned the applicant. "In my last position they insisted on triple-entry—one set of books for the boss showing the real profits, a second set for the shareholders showing no profits, and a third set for the income tax people showing a loss!"

Arctic Wireless.

The most northern wireless station in the world has been erected on Cape Desire, jutting into the Arctic zone west of Archangel. It will be used to keep in touch with explorers entering the Arctic by airship and airplane.

Here and There

Air mail service between Winnipeg and Fargo, North Dakota, has been inaugurated and the first mail for Winnipeg from the United States arrived recently.

The Shorthorn bull, King of the Fairies, recently sold from the Candidan ranch of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to a United States breeder, again, won the premier prize at the Calgary Exhibition.

Evidences of the renewal of interest of Old Country investors in Western Canada are seen in a number of recent transactions recorded at Winnipeg, including the proposed erection of three motion pictures houses by means of English capital.

Mederic Beauperant, when clearing his farm south of Verner on the Canadian Pacific lines, found a 300-lb. boulder which was half native silver and worth about $1,200. The discovery has aroused considerable interest among mining men in Cobalt and elsewhere who are arriving in numbers.

London, Ontario, now has an air harbor. Through efforts on the part of the Chamber of Commerce an ideal air-field site has been taken over and, within a month's time, will be completely equipped and manned so as to provide an air depot available to all planes that seek London as a stopping place.

According to a financial statement issued from the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the gross earnings of the Company for the first six months of the year ended showed an increase of $3,614,-778.06. The net profits, however, decreased about $900,000 due to a four million dollar increase in the working expenses for that period.

Quebec City lived up to its traditions as the historic gateway and welcomed their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince George and Premier and Mrs. Baldwin with a tremendous burst of enthusiasm and a blaze of color. Vast crowds thronged the docks and waterfront as the Canadian Pacific S.S. Empress of Australia, carrying the distinguished visitors to Canada, steamed into sight.

Experiments in rust prevention by means of spraying chemical over wheat fields from airplanes is about to be tried out in Manitoba, under the direction of the Dominion Government Department of Agriculture. The chemical used is merely sulphur in a colloidal state, technically known as "Cola." It is said that one plane can treat 6,000 acres a day, flying at a height of 50 feet. The machine will carry 700 lbs. of chemical in the mechanical spraying apparatus.

"Austrian bakers have discovered that with the use of Canadian flour they can make better and better bread. The prohibition of night baking also favors the employment of fast-baking flour," says the Commercial Intelligence Journal, Ottawa. Frederick Franke, Austrian Consul, says his country is anticipating with gratification a trade treaty with Canada; for, while the war reduced Austria's population from 54,000,000 to 6,000,000 the city of Vienna has still 2,000,000 to feed.

UNCANNY CUNNING OF WOLF.

"Custer Wolf" and "Three Toes" Did Unbelievable Damage.

Congressman Williamson of South Dakota told a story recently in the U. S. Congress which held the rapt attention of the members of the House, and is worth repeating for sheer interest.

The subject under discussion was that of bounties for predatory animals—one might say, rewards for animal outlaws, dead or alive. Mr. Williamson said that a bobcat will often kill $50 worth of live stock in the course of a year; a coyote, $100; a mountain lion, a wolf will do slaughter animals worth $1,000. But the two wolves of which he spoke most left such puny expense accounts far behind.

First of these was known as the "Custer wolf," from the town of Custer, near which he operated—though it does not appear that he ever called at the post office for mail.

In the nine years that he roamed the surrounding country he killed over $25,000 worth of live stock, and no one can guess how much game.

A reward of $500 was offered for him for years. Finally, after eight months at the job, a hunter, H. P. Williams, from Uncle Sam's Biological Survey, managed to trap and shoot the outlaw.

More famous still was the Harding County wolf, known as "Three Toes." Early in life he was nipped in a trap, and one foot mangled, so that thenceforth his track with that foot showed only three toes.

He was a prince of animal assassins. He killed for the love of killing. In one year he killed registered breeding sheep valued at $3,465. He jumped into a pasture where thirty-four registered Rambouillet rams were kept. They had been bought less than a month before at $25 each. Three Toes killed them all in one night.

There was a grim humor to some of his performances, one writer on the subject tells us. Once, when a hunter was attempting to run him down with relays of seven saddle horses, Three Toes took time off in the afternoon to stop at a ranch and kill fifteen sheep.

On another occasion he doubled back at night and killed the best saddle horse that had been chasing him. He was trapped at last, in July, 1923, by another of Uncle Sam's hunters, Clyde F. Bridges, who used for a lure the natural scent of the female wolf.

Having a Grand Time.

"Ah, good-mornin', Mrs. Murphy, and how is everythin'?"

"Sure, an' I'm havin' a grand time av it between me husband and the fire. If I keep me eye on the wan the other is sure to go out."

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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But as I went along and had more time to ponder the matter other doubts forced themselves into my reluctant mind. Put it as I pleased, the affair smacked too much of secrecy to be quite savory. It was curious, to say the least, that an honest encounter should require so much plotting. Also, Lucas, coward and rascal though he might be, was monsieur's man, doing monsieur's errand, and for me to mix myself up in a plot against him was scarcely in keeping with my vaunted loyalty to the house of St. Quentin. My friend Gervais's quarrel might be just; his manner of procedure, even, might be just, and yet I have no right to take part in it.

And yet monsieur had signified plainly enough that he was no longer my patron. For my birth's sake I might never work against him, but I was free to do whatever else I chose. Monsieur himself had made it necessary for me to take another master, and assuredly I owed something to Yeux-gris. I had reason to feel confidence in his honor; surely I might reckon that he would not be in the affair unless it were honest. Lucas was like enough a scoundrel of whom monsieur would be well rid. And lastly and finally and above all I was sworn, so there was no use worrying about it. I had taken oath and could not draw back.

I hurried along to the rendezvous, only pausing one moment at the street corner to buy sausages hot from the brazier, which I crammed into my mouth as I ran. But after all there was no need of haste; the little arch, when I panted up to it, was all deserted.

No better place for a tryst could have been found in the heart of busy Paris. Only the one door opened into the alley; M. de Portrenes's high garden wall, forming the other side of the passage, was unbroken by a gate, and no curious eyes from the house could look into the deep arch and see the narrow, nailstudded door at the back where I awaited the rat-faced Martin.

I stood there long, first on one foot and then on the other, fearful every moment lest some one of monsieur's true men should come along to demand my business. No one appeared, either foe or friend, for so long that I began to think Yeux-gris had tricked me and sent me here on a fool's errand, when, all at once, a low voice said close to my ear:

"What seek you here?"

I jumped on finding at my side a little, pale, sharp-faced man—the man of the vision. He had slipped through the door so suddenly and quietly that I was once more tempted to take him for a ghost. He eyed me for a bare second; then his eyes dropped before mine.

"I am come to learn the hour," said I.

"Did you not hear the chimes ring five?"

"Oh, no need for disguise. I am come from monsieur in the Rue Coupe-farrets. They bade me ask the hour."

He favored me with another of his shifty glances.

"What hour meant they?"

I said bluntly in a louder tone: "The hour when M. Lucas sets out on his secret mission."

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush! Don't say names aloud—his or the other's."

"Well," I said crossly, "you have kept me waiting already more time than I care to lose. How much longer before you will tell me what I came to know?"

He looked at me sharply for another brief instant before his eyes slunk away from mine.

"You should have a password."

"They gave me none. They told me to say I came from the shuttered house in the Rue Coupe-farrets, and that would be enough."

"How came you into this business?"

"By a back window."

He gave me another suspicious glance, but making nothing by it he rejoined:

"Eh bien, I trust you. I will tell you."

He clutched my arm and drew me to the back of the arch, where the afternoon shadows were already gathered.

"What have you for me?" he demanded.

"Nothing. What should I have?"

"No gold?"

"No."

"He promised me ten pistoles today. He did not give them to you?"

"I tell you, no."

"You are a thief! You have them!"

He stepped forward menacingly; so did I. He then fell back as abruptly.

"Nay, it was a jest; I know you are honest. But he promised me ten pistoles."

"He did not give them to me," I said. "Perhaps he was not so convinced of my honesty. He will doubtless pay you afterward."

"Afterward!" he retorted in a high key. "By our Lady, he shall pay me afterward! The gutters will run gold then, will they? Pardieu! I will see that a good stream flows my way. But one cannot play to-day with to-morrow's coin. He said I should have ten pistoles when I let him know the hour."

"I cannot mend that. It lies between you and him. I have not seen or heard of any money."

Martin edged up close to the door of retreat and waxed defiant.

"Then all I have to say is, he may go whistle for his news."

Now, had I but thought of it, here was an easy road out of a bad business. If Martin would but tell the hour of rendezvous Lucas was saved, monsieur's interests not endangered, yet at the same time I was not forced to go touch pitch and be defiled. You cannot go hand and glove with villains and remain an honest man. I returned directly:

"As you choose. But M. Gervais carries a long sword."

He started at that and made no instant reply, seeming to be balancing considerations. Then he gave his decision.

"I will tell you. But your M. Gervais is wrong if he thinks I can be slighted and robbed of my dues. I know enough to make trouble for him, and I know where to take my knowledge. He will not find it easy to shut my mouth afterward, except with good broad gold pieces."

"Enfin, are you telling me the hour?" I said impatiently. I was ill at ease; my only wish was to get the errand done and be gone.

He laid a hand on my shoulder and made me bend to him, but even then spoke so low I could scarce catch the words.

"They have fixed positively on to-night. They will leave by this door and take the route I described last night to M. Gervais. They will start as soon as the streets are quiet, some time between ten and eleven. They must allow an hour to reach the gate, and the man goes off at twelve. In all likelihood they will not set out before a quarter of eleven; M. le Duc does not care to be recognized."

So they planned to kill Lucas at monsieur's side? Yeux-gris had not dared to tell me that. But he had looked me straight in the face and sworn on the cross no harm was meant to M. le Duc. Natheless, the thing looked ugly. My heart leaped up at the next words:

"Also Vigo will go."

"Vigo!"

"Not so loud! You will have the guard on us! Yes, he is to go. At first monsieur did not tell even him, he desired to keep this visit to the king so secret. But this morning he took Vigo into his confidence, and nothing would serve the man but to go. He watches over monsieur like a hen over a chick."

"Then it will be three to three," I said. I thought of Gervais, Yeux-gris and Pontou, for of course I would take no part in it.

"Three to two; Lucas will not fight."

Lucas must be a poltroon, indeed!

"But Vigo and monsieur"——I began.

"Aye, they are quick enough with their swords. Your side must be quicker, that's all. If you are sudden enough you can easily kill the duke before he can draw."

Talk of words like thunderbolts! All the thunder of heaven could not have wheeled me like these words. Yeux-gris and his oaths! It was the duke, after all!

I could not speak. I looked I know not how. But it was dusky in the arch.

"It sounds simple," he went on. "But, three of you as you are, you will have trouble with Vigo. That is all. I have told you all. I must get back before I am missed. Good luck to the enterprise."

Still I stood like a block of wood.

"Tell M. Gervais to remember me," he said, and opening the door passed in. I heard him lock and bolt it after him, and his footsteps hurrying down the passageway.

Then I came to myself and sprang to the door and beat upon it furiously. But if he heard he was afraid to respond. After a futile moment that seemed an hour I reached out of the arch and around to the great gate.

The grilles were closed as before, but the sentry's face, luckily, was strange to me.

"Open! open!" I shouted, breathless. "I must see M. le Duc!"

"Who are you?" he demanded, staring.

"My name is Broux. I have news for M. le Duc. Let me in. It is a matter of life and death."

"Why, I suppose, then, I must let you in," the good fellow answered, drawing back the bolts. "But you must wait here till"——

(Continued on page 3).

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An Important Question

The question is, can't we (pedestrian and motorist alike) do something to avoid accidents?

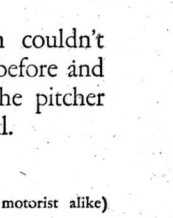
Traffic on streets and highways isn't getting any lighter. Accidents will continue to pile up unless . . . . unless we obey the rules!

Let's be human enough to walk—and drive—safely. Let's give the other chap a chance. If we don't—

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30

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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 2).

The gate was open. I took base advantage of him by sliding under his arm and shooting across the court up the steps to the house. The door stood open, and a couple of lackeys lounged on a bench in the hall.

"M. le Duc!" I cried. "I must see him!"

They jumped up, the picture of bewilderment.

"Who are you? How came you here?" cried the quicker-tongued of the two.

"The sentry opened for me. Where am I to find M. le Duc? I must see him! I have news!"

"M. le Duc sees no one to-day," the second lackey announced pompously.

"But I must see him, I tell you," I repeated. I had completely lost what little head I ever had; it seemed to me that if I could not see M. le Duc on the instant I should find him weltering in his gore. "I must see him," I cried, parrot-like. "It is a matter of life and death."

"From whom do you come?"

"That's my affair. Enough that I come with news of the highest moment. You will be sorry if you do not get me quickly to M. le Duc."

They looked at each other, somewhat impressed.

"I will go for M. Constant," said the one who had spoken first.

Constant was Master of the Household; M. le Duc had inherited him with the estate and kept him in his place for old time's sake. He was old, fussy and self-important, and withal no friend to me.

"I had rather you fetched Vigo," I said.

"Oh, Vigo will not come. He is with monsieur. If I bring M. Constant it is the best I can do for you."

I had recovered myself sufficiently by this time to remember the nature of lackeys, and gave the messenger the last piece of silver I had in the world. He regarded it contemptuously, but pocketed it and departed in leisurely fashion up the stairs.

The other was not too grand to cross-examine me.

"What sort of news have you? Do you come from the king?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"No."

"From M. de Valere?"

"No."

"Then who the devil are you?"

"Felix Broux of St. Quentin."

"Ah, St. Quentin," he said, as if he found that rather tame. "You bring news from there?"

"No, I do not. Think you I shall tell you?" This news is for monsieur."

"It won't reach monsieur unless you learn politeness toward the gentlemen of his household," he retorted.

We were getting into a lively quarrel when Constant appeared on the stairway—Constant and the lackey who had fetched him and two more lackeys and a page, all of whom had somehow scented that something was in the wind. They came flocking about us as I said:

"Ah, M. Constant! You know me. Felix Broux of St. Quentin. I must see M. le Duc."

Constant's face of surprise at me changed to one of malice. Down at St Quentin he had suffered much from us pages, as a slow, peevish old dotard must. I had played many a prank on him, but I had not thought he would revenge himself at such a time as this. He looked at me with a spiteful grin and said to the men:

"He lies. I do not know him. I never saw him."

"Never saw me, Felix Broux!" I cried, completely taken aback.

"No," maintained Constant. "You are an impostor."

"Impostor! Nonsense!" I cried out. "Constant, you know me as well as you know yourself. I say I must see the duke; his life is in danger!"

Constant was paying off old scores with interest.

"An impostor, he yelled shrilly, "or else a madman—or an assassin."

"That is the truth," said some one laying a heavy hand on my shoulder.

I turned; two men of the guard had come up, my friend of just now and my foe of the morning. It was the latter who held me and said:

"This is the very rascal who sprang on monsieur's coach step in the morning. M. Lucas threw him off, else he might have stabbed monsieur. We were fools enough to let him go free But this time he shall not get off so easy."

"I am innocent of all thought of harm," I cried. "I am M. le Duc's loyal servant; I meant no harm this morning and I mean none now. I am here to save monsieur's life."

"He is here to kill monsieur; he is an assassin!" screamed Constant. "Flog him, men; he will own the truth then!"

"I am no assassin!" I shouted, struggling in their grasp. "Let me go, villains, let me go! I tell you monsieur's life is at stake—monsieur's very life, I tell you!"

They paid me no heed. Not one of them—save that lying knave Constant—knew me as other than the shabby fellow who had acted suspiciously in the morning. They were dragging me to the door in spite of my shouts and struggles, when suddenly a ringing voice spoke from above:

"What is this rumpus? Who talks of monsieur's life?"

The guards halted dead and I cried out joyfully:

"Vigo!"

"Yes, I am Vigo," the big man answered, striding down the stairs. "Who are you?"

I wanted to shout, "Felix Broux, monsieur's page," but a sort of nightmare dread came over me lest Vigo, too should disclaim me, and my voice stuck in my throat.

"Whoever you are, you will be taught not to make a racket in M. le Duc's hall. By the saints! it's the boy Felix!"

At the friendliness in his voice the guards dropped their hands from me.

"M. Vigo," I said. "I have news for monsieur of the gravest moment. I am come on a matter of life and death. And I am stopped in the hall by lackeys."

He looked at me sternly.

"This is not one of your fooleries Felix?"

"No, M. Vigo."
"Come with me."

CHAPTER VII

That was Vigo's way. The toughest snarl untangled at his touch. He had more sense and fewer airs than any other, he saw at once that I was in earnest; and Constant's voluble protests were as so much wind. The little dog not to be as the man. Though Constant was the Master of the Household and Vigo only Equerry, yet Vigo ruled every corner of the establishment and every man in it save only monsieur, who ruled him.

He said no word to me as we climbed the fine fracas nor questioned me about my coming. He would not pry into monsieur's business, and save as I concerned monsieur he had no interest in me whatsoever. He led the way straight into an intechamber, where a page sprang up to bar our passage.

"No one may enter, M. Vigo, not even you. M. le Duc has ordered it. Why, Felix! You in Paris!"

"I enter," said Vigo; and sweeping Marcel aside he knocked loudly.

"I came last night," I found time to say under my breath to my old comrade before the door was opened.

The handsome secretary whom I had taken for the count stood in the doorway looking at me at us. He knew me at once and wondered.

"You cannot enter, Vigo. M. le Duc is occupied."

He made to shut the door, but Vigo's foot was over the sill.

"Nathless, I must enter," he answered unabashed, and pushed his way into the room.

"Then you must answer for it," returned the secretary with a scowl that sat ill on his delicate face.

"You shall answer for it if it turns out a mare's nest," said Vigo in a low, meaning voice to me. But I hardly heard him. I passed him and Lucas and flew down the long room to monsieur.

M. le Duc was seated before a table heaped with papers. He had been watching the scene at the door in surprise and anger. He looked at me with a sharp frown, while the deer hound at his feet rose on its haunches growling.

"Roland!" I said. The dog sprang up and came to me.

"Felix Broux!" monsieur exclaimed with his quick, warm smile—a smile no man in France could match for radiance.

I had no thought of kneeling, of making obeisance, of waiting permission to speak.

"Monsieur," I cried, half choked, "there is a plot—a vile plot to murder you!"

"Where? At St. Quentin?"

"No, monsieur. Here in Paris. In the streets to-night when you go to the king."

Monsieur sprang to his feet, his hand on his sword. Lucas turned white. Vigo swore. Monsieur cried:

"How, in God's name, know you that?"

"You have been betrayed, monsieur. Your plan is known. You leave the house to-night near a quarter of 11 to go in secret to the king. You leave by the little door in the alley"——

"Diable!" breathed Vigo.

"They set on you on your way—three of them—to run you through before you can draw."

"But, ventre bleu! Monsieur is not alone."

"No; he walks between you and M Lucas."

Not one of them spoke. They stared at me as if I were something uncanny I, a raw country boy, disclosing a perfect knowledge of their most intimate plans!

"How know you this?" monsieur demanded of me. But he was not looking at me. His keen glance went first to Lucas, then to Vigo, the two men who had shared his confidence. The secretary cried out:

"You cannot think, monsieur, that I betrayed you?"

Vigo said nothing. His steady eyes never left monsieur's face.

"No," answered monsieur to Lucas. "I cannot think it." And to Vigo he said: "I shall accuse you when I accuse myself. But—none knew this thing save our three selves." And his gaze went back to Lucas.

"It is not likely to be he," I said, impelled to be just to him though I did not like him, "for they meant to kill him as well."

Lucas started, then instantly recovered himself.

"A comprehensive plot, monsieur," he said with a smile.

"Then who was it?" cried monsieur to me me. "You know. Speak."

"There is a spy in the house—an eavesdropper," I said, and then paused.

"Aye?" said monsieur. Who?"

Now the answer to this was easy, yet I flinched before it, for I knew well enough what monsieur would do. He feared no man and waited on no man's advice. And if he was a good lover he was a good hater. He would not inform the governor and await the tardy course of justice that would probably accomplish—nothing. Nor would he consider the troubled times and the danger of his position and ignore the affair, as many would have deemed best. He would not stop to think what the Sixteen might have to say to it. No; he would call out his guards and slay the plotters in the Rue Coupjarrete like the wolves they were. It was right he should, but—I owed my life to Yeux-gris.

"His name, man, his name!" monsieur was crying.

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, monsieur, I know his name, but"——

Monsieur looked at me in surprise and frowning impatience. Quickly Lucas struck in:

"Monsieur, I have grave doubts of the boy's honesty."

"Doubts!" cried monsieur with a sudden laugh. "It is not a case for doubts. The boy states facts."

He seated himself in his chair, his face growing stern again. The little action seemed to make him no longer merely my questioner, but my judge.

"Now, Felix Broux, let us get to the bottom of this."

"Monsieur," I began, struggling to put the case clearly, "I learned of the plot by accident. I did not guess for a long time it was you who were the victim. When I found out that I came straight here to you. Monsieur, there are four men in the plot, and one of them has stood my friend."

"And my assassin!"

"He is a black-hearted villain!" I acknowledged. "For he swore no harm was meant to you. He swore it was only a private grudge against M. Lucas. But when one of them let out the truth I came straight to you."

"That is likely true," said Vigo, "for he was ready to kill the men who barred his way."

"You were in a plot to kill my secretary!"

(Continued on page 5).

Canada's Gold Production.

Gold established a new high record of production for 1926, while nickel and cobalt showed declines, as compared with the previous year, according to statistics.

Canada's gold production in 1926 was 1,754,228 fine ounces, which was worth $36,263,110, as against the 1925 production of 1,725,736 fine ounces, worth $35,880,525, according to a report issued by the Mining, Metallurgical and Chemical Branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Ontario contributed 1,497,215 fine ounces, an increase of 36,176 ounces over the total for 1925, and made a new high-production mark for the province.

Parking Stalls Are Space Savers.

Ace Emmett, secretary of the Manitoba Motor League personally painted diagonal parking lines on Main street, between St. Mary's and Graham avenues, in Winnipeg recently to demonstrate the verity of his contention that with "a new for every car and every car in its new" from six to eight more automobiles per block can be parked than when they are lined up haphazardly. Unable to induce the Winnipeg City Council to undertake the work owing to "shortage of funds," Mr. Emmett secured permission to do it himself and painted twenty stalls one evening. The next morning he had his reward for when he arrived at the scene of his evening's labor he found twenty cars perfectly parked where only seventeen could park before.

Additional Grain Storage.

Additional grain storage capacity to the extent of 1,000,000 bushels is to be added to the Burrard elevator at Vancouver, B.C.

New Prices



3½ Ounce Jars	15c
8½ Ounce Jars	30c
16 Ounce Jars	55c
32 Ounce Jars	$1.00

Thousand Island Dressing
Sandwich Spread
Olive Relish

20c., 35c. Sizes.

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Pa's Son-in-Law



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This is the season for painting your buildings, and thereby improving their appearance and protecting them from decay.

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Every week we are getting fresh shipments of cake and pastry from the best firms in Toronto and Ottawa. They are Bodley's and Bake-Rite, Toronto, and Walker's, Ottawa. Thus we are able to give you a wonderful assortment of layer-cake, sponge cake, jelly rolls, marshmallow rolls, all kinds of tarts, raisin and date square, and fruit cake. The wagons are carrying these all the time in specially constructed boxes, which keep them fresh and moist. Ask to see them when you get your bread.

STEACY'S

Poultry Congress.

Capt. A. Hughson has returned home from the World's Poultry Congress, Ottawa, where some 10,000 delegates were present, representing some 43 countries. Speaking of the meetings, there were five sessions going on at one time in as many halls. It would be impossible in one article to give even an idea of the range of subjects discussed. The delegates from other countries were unanimous in speaking of the success of the Congress and their admiration of Canada as a poultry country. There is no doubt in their minds that Canada is second to none in this very important branch of Agriculture. A complete report of the papers submitted at te Congress will be given by Capt. Hughson to the Napanee Poultry Association on resuming their regular meeting in October.

THE CANADIAN CLUB.

Had Rapid Growth During Jubilee Year.

There are almost twice as many active Canadian Clubs to-day as there were a year ago. This summarizes the rapid growth of the movement during Jubilee year. Reports of the Association of Canadian Clubs show that a remarkable extension of the movement has taken place in the first year of a permanent national office.

Both the number of clubs and the total membership has increased. There were fifty-eight active clubs last year. There are one hundred and ten this year.

The estimated total membership last year, including active affiliated and unaffiliated clubs, was 20,000. This year the estimated total, based upon affiliation fees paid, and the membership recorded by the national secretary on his visits is 36,344.

The largest men's club and the largest women's club are both in the city of Winnipeg. The largest club is the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg, with a membership of 2,406. The Winnipeg Men's Club has a membership of 2,356. The Montreal men have the next strongest club with 2,216. The Montreal Women's Club and the Toronto Women's Club have almost the same membership. These figures are based upon the affiliation fees paid into the national office, Ottawa.

Watch Never Requires Winding.

A wristlet watch that never requires winding—one is said to have gone for three years—has been invented by a Bolton, England, watchmaker. Inside is a small weight or balance; with each movement of the wrist the balance swings and gives a turn to the spring. Although half an hour's wear is sufficient to wind the spring fully there is an arrangement to guard against over-winding. If put down for forty hours the watch will run down, but upon being put back on the wrist it will start ticking again.

Women Work Barefooted.

Women working in a chemical works near Glasgow work barefooted, and have a wonderful physique and graceful carriage.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by Rev. J. O. Totton.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Cheese Board.

1474 colored cheese were offered at the Napanee Board on Saturday. All sold at 17⅞c.

Immigration Re-organization.

Ottawa, Aug. 8.—A general reorganization of the Immigration and Colonization Department and the absorption of the Soldiers' Settlement Board into the permanent service is believed to be under consideration by Hon. Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration. Prior to his departure for the west, and following his return from an inspection tour in Europe, Mr. Forke would neither conrm nor deny the report, but admitted that the whole immigration question was to be gone over thoroughly, and the matter of colonization surveyed. As to reports that the railways wanted to let down the continental bars, Mr. Forke admitted they would like to fill the quota with people from the continent, but would not be permitted to do so.

Former Napaneean Dies in Ottawa.

About five o'clock Tuesday morning, a former resident of Napanee, in the person of Mr. Guy Pybus, passed away at Ottawa. A few days ago deceased underwent an operation for a serious affliction, but to no avail. He was the youngest son of our townsman, Thomas Pybus, Sr. The remains will be brought to Napanee and the funeral will take place from his father's residence, Newburgh Road. He leaves a wife and four children, also two brothers, Robert, of Napanee, and Thomas, of Kingston, and one sister, Mrs. Chas. N. Loucks, of Napanee. Deceased was aged forty-two years. Guy had many friends in Napanee, who will learn with regret of his death in the prime of his manhood.

Tire Thieves Were Caught With Goods.

On Saturday, in Judge Ruttan's court, Bert Babcock and George Walker, both residents of the county, were sentenced to one year in the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph, while a younger brother of the first named man was given a suspended sentence, the three being found guilty of the theft of several automobile tires. In addition to these definite sentences Walker and the elder Babcock received sentences of a further indefinite term not greater than one year while the younger Babcock, if unable to pay the costs of his case, must go to jail for two months. The police have recently received very many complaints regarding the theft of automobile tires from car owners who reside in the vicinity of Yarker, and in other rural districts, and as the result of an investigation carried out by Provincial Officer Thompson, of Napanee, the two Babcocks and Walker were apprehended with some of the stolen goods actually in their possession.

"Pollyanna," The Glad Play.

A comedy in four acts, with orchestra. Grace United Church, Thursday, August 11th, 8 p.m. Admission 35c.; Children, 25c. Following is the Cast:

Mrs. Carmody, of the Ladies Aid—Lois Stalker.

Miss Carroll, of the Ladies Aid—Hazel O'Neill.

Mrs. Gregg, of the Ladies Aid—Clare Thompson.

Pollyanna Whittier, the Glad Girl—Alma Wales.

Miss Polly Harrington, her aunt—Marion Wales.

Nancy, Miss Polly's servant—Grace Hall.

Sodom and Gommorah—By themselves.

Jimmy Bean, an orphan—Ward Huffman.

John Pendleton, a bachelor, called the hermit—H. Garrett.

Bleecker, Pendleton's man—A. Rogers.

Dr. Chilton, Pendleton's friend—F. B. Russell.

ACT I.—Miss Polly Harrington's parlor, a summer afternoon.

ACT II.—John Pendleton's library, some weeks later.

ACT III.—The library, an hour later than Act II.

ACT IV.—The library five years later than Act III.

By special arrangement with Samuel French of New York.

Bug Death!

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TRINITY AND ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCHES

United services for the three remaining Sundays in August will be held in Trinity United Church and will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Jull, of Brooklin, Ont.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church: Public worship 7.30 p.m.

W. M. S. taking public services.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.

10.30—Morning prayer.

7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—Evening Prayer at 2.30.

WHERE APOSTLES LIVED

Archaeologists Claim to Have Found the Actual House.

Archaeologists claim to have uncovered at Rome the actual house in which St. Paul lived, while carrying Christianity to the Romans. Also, the place where the bodies of both Peter and Paul were first buried, has just been brought to light in excavations on the Appian Way under the patronage of Walter S. Cramp, an American engineer and scion of the famous shipbuilder, of Philadelphia. An entire room, supposed to be in the actual condition in which it was at the time of the Apostles, has been excavated intact.

The house is situated under the basilica of St. Sebastian, forming part of its foundations and formerly filled in with debris completely hiding its existence. The location is just at the beginning of the catacomb of St. Sebastian. Mr. Cramp took great interest in the archaeological possibilities of the neighborhood and decided to finance the excavation of the foundations of the basilica.

More than one hundred inscriptions testifying to the presence of St. Peter and St. Paul have been uncovered from the debris. Prayers of the early visitors to the place scratched with sharp instruments into the stucco walls show that it must have been the goal of pilgrimages for the first Christians even during the times of persecutions.

According to the inscriptions, the house belonged to Marcus Clodius Hermes, Roman patrician evidently converted to Christianity during the mission of the Apostles. The room which has just been unearthed intact shows the pagan decorations of the first century which are so well preserved that the designs are perfectly clear and no doubt is possible as to their origin in the first century. Other rooms now about to be excavated, show evidences of Christian signs, which leads the experts to the opinion that the Christian symbols were affixed after Hermes had been converted to Christianity.

The decorations in the new room portray the head of Medusa with frescoes of doves and vines and goblets of fruit, representing peace and plenty. The colors are distinct and though there is a simplicity of design age has served to mellow the marked contrasts and blend them into harmonious shades without in the least impairing their clearness.

The excavators have carefully preserved the fragments found during digging. These have been selected and matched and it is from these that the more than a hundred inscriptions have been completed. The inscriptions are found both in Latin and Greek. Some date from the first century, which has led the ecclesiastical authorities to believe that the house for the first three centuries was used as one of the very first shrines of Christendom.

The inscriptions read:

"Peter and Paul lived in this house."

"Peter and Paul brought Christianity to the Romans from this house."

"Peter and Paul pray for us all."

The decorations on the walls of the other rooms depict the early Christian.

Animal Engineers.

Few people realize that many insects and animals have definite trades. Bees are geometricians. They construct their honey cells so that with the least quantity of comb material they have the largest spaces and least possible loss by gaps.

Wasps and hornets manufacture paper, and it is said that a Mongolian got the idea of making the first paper from watching hornets build their nests out of a pulp they obtained from weeds, straw, and other vegetation.

The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter, while the marmot is a civil engineer. He builds houses and constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

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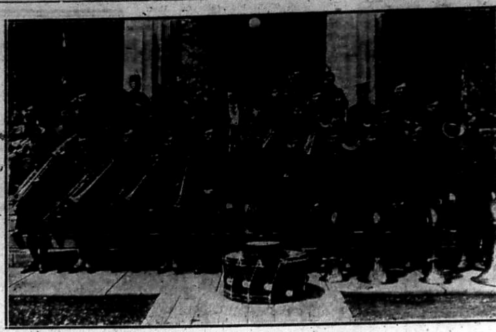
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"STORED SUNLIGHT."

Summer Milk Is "Rich" in a Quality Absent From Winter Milk.

Thanks to many careful scientific researches, it is now an established fact that the new grass of summer becomes rich in "stored sunlight." The grass possesses a power of absorbing sunlight as blotting-paper absorbs ink. The cattle fed on this grass become possessed of its virtue, writes the medical correspondent of the Times Trade and Engineering Supplement.

The milk of these herds is therefore "rich" in a quality which is nearly absent from winter milk, and which, as is now known, plays a most important part in the strengthening of bodily resistance against disease.

To drink milk to-day is, in fact, to imbibe sunlight. It is the next best thing to going out into the country and getting "a dose of the sun" for oneself.

How valuable such a food is can be judged from the fact that, by means of it, the power of the body to overcome the germs of disease is definitely raised.

An idea prevails that milk is an unsatisfactory hot-weather drink. This is quite erroneous — provided always that the milk is fresh. But there is no objection to adding a little soda water to the milk. This will not rob it of its valuable qualities. Nor need it be feared that milk will exercise the "binding" effect so often ascribed to it popularly. Nature has constituted her greatest food in such a manner that it serves every requirement of the organism.

Not the least of the virtues of milk, indeed, during hot spells is the fact that it serves both as "meat and drink." A glass of milk taken at midday makes it possible to reduce the usual dimensions of the midday meal, and so give the digestive organs a rest at a moment when the atmosphere precludes efficient digestion.

The truth is that, in this northern climate, there is imposed on each of us the necessity of laying up stores of health in summer to serve when the sun no longer shines.

Milk affords one of the very best and very easiest ways of accomplishing this all-important task.

TO BE A TOLL ROAD.

British Columbia Government Will Collect Fee on Cariboo Trail.

The Public Works Department of British Columbia, which builds the roads of the Pacific province, estimates that ten thousand motorists will drive over the Cariboo road this year. It was opened May 24.

With the collection of toll of $2 and upward for the round trip through the Fraser river canyon, the British Columbia Government estimates it will derive a revenue amounting to $27,000 at least, and perhaps $30,000, which will be devoted to the upkeep of the highway so that it may not be an added burden on the Treasury. With the opening of the road on May 24 after rockslides have been cleared away, a heavy volume of traffic started to move through the canyon. All the tolls are collectable at Spuzzum, where a toll station has been established.

The toll on cars carrying up to five passengers is $1 for each trip through the canyon, and a graduated scale above this amount will be enforced for larger cars and for trucks and buses. A series of st... regulations prevents the use of any bus carrying more than twenty passengers on the highway, or any truck which with its load weight over eight tons. Motor vehicles which make use of the road are limited to twenty feet in length and 7 feet 6 inches in width.

If any driver refuses to pay the toll the collectors are empowered to seize his car and baggage and sell it in four days, returning to the owner the amount realized over and above the toll.

Nature's Wizard.

Lightning is a wizard whose tricks are always strange and dramatic.

The imprint of a tree was left on the chest of a man who was sheltering during a recent thunderstorm. It is also on record that a gold bracelet once disappeared from the wrist of a woman, who raised her arm to close a window while lightning was flashing.

Another dramatic trick was played on a blind man and his horse a few years ago. He was leading the animal along a country lane when a flash of nightning struck them both. The sightless one regained his vision, but the horse went blind.

In Natal a man was once discovered tied in knots by lightning. One of his legs was intertwined with his arms, and the other leg was twisted round his neck. Fortunately, the man recovered, and his limbs were straightened out.

Highest Mountain In Britain.

The highest mountain in the British Isles is Ben Nevis of the Grampian range, near the southern entrance of the Caledonian Canal in Scotland. The altitude of Ben Nevis is 4 406 feet above the level of the sea.

NEW HEART-BEAT THEORY.

As an Organ Plays Only a Secondary Part.

Prof. Martin Mendelsohn, who has occupied the chair of diseases of the heart in Berlin University since 1899, puts forward the theory that the heart is not the prime motive power for life, but as an organ plays only a secondary part.

The activity of the cells of the body in absorbing the eliminating fluids, says the professor, constitutes the chief motive power in forcing the blood through the system.

Dr. Mendelsohn, in support of his theory, calls attention to the fact that many persons with exceedingly weak hearts continue to live, despite the fact that, in these particular cases, it is impossible to believe that their hearts can pump the blood through the body.

"The heart and blood circulation merely play a regular role in distributing the fuel and returning refuse to and from the various motors throughout the body — namely, the internal, glandular, and epidermic cells," says the professor.

Dr. Mendelsohn states that this explains many cases of the burial of persons apparently dead, and he argues that other tests besides cessation of the heart-beat are necessary to establish true death.

Restorative for Jaded Nerves.

It is a striking fact that a lump of sugar candy in the evening is a much better restorative for jaded nerves and drooping spirits than a cocktail, for it is nourishment and not stimulant.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Fashions of the year just opening are a feature of Colleen Moore's newest picture, "ORCHIDS AND ERMINE."

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"FRISCO SALLY LEVY," a sparkling comedy romance of Irish-Jewish life with Sally O'Neil and Roy D'Arcy.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Jetta Goudal's new star picture "WHITE GOLD," one of the most unusual photoplays seen here in many months.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Berry Boxes.

Bright new stock at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Case Steam Engines and Kerosene Tractors

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All sizes Case Threshers

Also CLOVER HULLERS. Have Second-Hand Steam Engines, Tractors and Separators.

Prices right, and no better machinery made.

JAS. E. CLARK

At the Campbell House, Napanee

24

If Everybody Did It!

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

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dec-21 I. L. MOORE, Principal.

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A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting



Costs little but always effective

The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

"Ah, monsieur!" I cried.

"You—Felix Broux!"

I curled with shame.

"M. Lucas had struck me," I muttered; "I thought the fight was fair enough. And they threatened my life."

Monsieur's contemptuous eyes shrivelled me as flame shrivels a leaf.

"You—a Broux of St. Quentin!"

Lucas, who had watched me close all the while as they all three did, said now:

"I believe he is a cheat, monsieur. There is no plot. He has learned of your plan through the eavesdropper he speaks of and thinks to make credit out of a trumped-up tale of murder."

"No," answered monsieur. "You may think that, Lucas, for he is a stranger to you. But I know him. He was a fool sometimes, but he was never dishonest. You used to be fond of me, Felix. What has happened to make you consort with my enemies?"

"Ah, monsieur, I love you, I have always loved you," I cried. "I am not lying now nor cheating you. There is a plot. I learned it and came straight to you, though I was under oath not to betray them."

"Then, in heaven's name, Felix," burst out Vigo, "which side are you on?"

Monsieur began to laugh.

"That is what I should like to know. For, by St. Quentin, I can make nothing of it."

"Monsieur," insisted Lucas, "whatever he was once I believe him a trickster now."

Monsieur bent his keen eyes on me.

"No; he is plainly in earnest. Therefore with patience I look to get some sense out of this snarl of a story. Something is there we have not yet fathomed."

"Will monsieur let my speak?"

"I have done naught but urge you to do so for some time past," he answered dryly.

"Monsieur, you know my father would not let me leave St. Quentin with you three months back. But at length he said I should come, and I reached Paris last night, and, since it was late, lodged at an inn. This morning I came to your gate, but the guard would not let me enter. I was so mad



"M. le Duc," I cried, "I must see him. It is a matter of life and death."

to see you, monsieur, that when you drove out I sprang up on your coach step"——

"Ah," said monsieur, a new light breaking in upon him, "that was you, Felix? I did not know you. I was thinking of other matters. And Lucas took you for a miscreant. Now I am sorry."

If I had been a noble he could not have spoken franker apology. But at once he was stern again.

"And because my secretary took you in all good faith for a possible assassin and struck you to save me you turn traitor and take part in a plot to set on him and kill him! I had believed that of some hired lackey, not of a Broux."

"Monsieur, I was wrong—a thousand times wrong. I knew that as soon as I had sworn. And when I found it was you they meant I came to you, oath or no oath."

"There spoke the Broux!" cried monsieur with his brilliant smile "Now you are Felix. Who are my would-be murderers?"

We had come around in a circle to the place we had stuck before, and here we stuck again.

"Monsieur, I will tell you all before you could count ten—tell you their names, their whereabouts—everything—were it not for one man who stood my friend."

The duke's eyes flashed.

"You call him that—my assassin!"

"He is an assassin," I was forced to answer; "even monsieur's assassin—and a perjurer. But—but, monsieur, he save my life from the other at the risk of his own. How can I pay him back by betraying him?"

"According to your own account he betrayed you."

"Aye, he lied to me," I said brokenly. "Yet, monsieur, if it were your own case and one had save your life, were he the scum of the gutter, would you send him to his death?"

"To whom do you owe your first duty?"

"Monsieur, to you."

"Then speak."

But I could not do it. Though I knew Yeux-gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsieur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"This to me!"

There was a silence. I stood with hanging head, the picture of a shamefaced knave. Shame so filled me that I could not look up to meet monsieur's sentence. But when I remembered the good hater in monsieur I should have remembered too the good lover. Monsieur had been fond of me at St. Quentin. As I waited for the lightning to strike he said with utmost gentleness:

"Felix, let me understand you. In what manner did this man save your life?"

Now that was like my lord. Though a hot man he loved fairness and ever strove to do the just thing, and his patience was the finer that it was not his nature. His leniency fired me with a sudden hope.

"Monsieur, there are four of them in the plot. But one cannot be as vile as the others, since he saved my life. Monsieur, if I tell you will you let that one go?"

"I shall do as I see fit," he answered. Felix, will you speak?"

"If monsieur will promise to let him go"——

"Insolence, sirrah! I do not bargain with my servants."

His words were like whips. I flinched before his proud anger, and for the second time stood with hanging head awaiting his sentence. And again he did what I could not guess. He cried out:

"Felix, you are blind, besotted, mad. You know not what to do. I am in constant danger. The city is filled with my enemies. The Leagues hate me and are ever plotting mischief against me. Every day their mistrust and hatred grow. I did a bold thing in coming to Paris, but I had a great end to serve—to pave a way into the capital for the Catholic king and bring the land to peace. For that I live in hourly jeopardy and risk my life to-night on foot in the streets. If I am killed more than my life is lost. The Church may lose the king and this dear France of ours be harried to a desert in the civil wars!"

I had braced myself to bear monsieur's anger, but this unlooked-for appeal pierced me through and through. All the love and loyalty in me—and I had much, though it may not have seemed so—rose in answer to monsieur's call. I fell on my knees before him, choked with sobs.

Monsieur's hand lay on my head as he said quietly:

"Now, Felix, speak."

I answered huskily:

"Would monsieur have me turn Judas?"

"Judas betrayed his master."

It was my last stand. My last redoubt had fallen. I raised my head to tell him all.

Maybe it was the tears in my eyes, but as I lifted them to M. le Duc I saw—not him, but Yeux-gris—Yeux-gris looking at me with warm good will, as he had looked when he was saving me from Gervais. I saw him, I say, plain before my eyes. The next instant there was nothing but monsieur's face of rising impatience.

I rose to my feet and said:

"Kill me, monsieur; I cannot tell."

"Nom de dieu!" he shouted, springing up.

I shut my eyes and waited. Had he slain me then and there it were no more than my deserts.

"Monsieur," said Vigo immovably, "shall I go for the boot?"

I opened my eyes then. Monsieur stood quite still, his brow knotted, his hands clenched as if to keep them off me.

"Monsieur," I said, "send for the boot, the thumbscrew, whatever you please. I deserve it and I will bear it. Monsieur, it is not that I will not tell. It is something stronger than I. I cannot."

He burst into an angry laugh.

"Say you are possessed of a devil and I will believe it. My faith! though you are a low-born lad and I Duke of St. Quentin I seem to be getting the worst of it."

"There is the boot, monsieur."

Monsieur laughed again, no less angrily.

"That does not help me, my good Vigo. I cannot torture a Broux."

"There monsieur is wrong. The lad has been disloyal and insolent if he is a Broux."

"Granted, Vigo," said M. le Duc. But he did not add, "Fetch the boot."

Vigo went on with steady persistence. "He has not been loyal to monsieur and his interests by refusing to tell what he knows. And if he goes counter to monsieur's interests he is a traitor, Broux or no Broux. He has no claim to be treated as other than an enemy. These are serious times. Monsieur does not well to play with his dangers. The boy must tell what he knows. Am I to go for the boot, monsieur?"

M. le Duc was silent for a moment while the hot flush that had sprung to his face died away. Then he answered Vigo:

"Nevertheless it is owing to Felix that I shall not walk out to meet my death to-night."

The secretary had stood silent for a long time fingering nervously the papers on the table. He had forgotten his presence, when now he stepped forward and said:

"If I might be permitted a suggestion, monsieur"——

Monsieur silenced him with a sharp gesture.

"Felix Broux," he said to me, "you have been following a bad plan. No man can run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You are either my loyal servant or my enemy, one thing or the other. Now I am loath to hurt you. You have seen how I am loath to hurt you. I give you one more chance to be honest. Go and think it over. If in half an hour you have decided that you are my true man, well and good. If not, by St. Quentin, we will see what a flogging can do!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Unpleased but unprotesting Vigo led me out into the anteroom. Those men who judged by the outside of things and, knowing Vigo's iron ways, said that he ruled monsieur, were wrong.

The big equerry gave me over to the charge of Marcel and returned to the inner room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the page burst out:

"What is it? What is the coil? What have you done, Felix?"

Now you can guess I was too sick-hearted for chatter. I had defied and disobeyed my liege lord; I could never hope for pardon or any man's respect. They threatened me with flogging; well, let them flog. They could not make my back any sorer than my conscience was. For I had not the satisfaction in my trouble of thinking that I had done right. Monsieur's danger should have been my first consideration. What was Yeux-gris, perjured scoundrel, in comparison with M. le Duc? And yet I knew that at the end of the half hour I should not tell; at the end of the flogging I should not tell. I had warned monsieur; that I would have done had it been the breaking up of a thousand oaths. But give up Yeux-gris? Not if they tore me limb from limb!

"What is it all about?" cried Marcel again. "You look as glum as a Jesuit in Lent. What is the matter with you, Felix?"

"I have cooked my goose," I said gloomily.

"What have you done?"

"Nothing that I can speak about. But I am out of monsieur's books."

"What was old Vigo after when he took you into monsieur? I never saw anything so bold. When monsieur says he is not to be disturbed he means it."

I had nothing to tell him and was silent.

"What is it? Can't you tell an old chum?"

"No; it is monsieur's private business."

"Well, you are grumpy!" he cried out pettishly. "You must be out of grace." He seemed to decide that nothing was to be made out of me just now on this tack, and with unabated persistence tried another.

"Is it true, Felix, what one of the men said just now, that you tried to speak with monsieur this morning when he drove out?"

"Yes. But monsieur did not recognize me."

"Like enough," Marcel answered. "He has a way of late of falling into these absent fits. Monsieur is not the man he was."

"He does look older," I said, "and worn. I trow the risk he is running"——

"Pshaw!" cried Marcel with scorn. "Is monsieur a man to mind risks? No; it is M. le Comte."

I started like a guilty thing, remembering what Yeux-gris had told me, and I, wrapped in my petty troubles, had forgotten. Monsieur had lost his only son. And I had chosen this time to defy him!

"How long ago was it?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"Since M. le Comte left us? It will be three weeks next Friday."

"How did he die?"

"Die?" echoed Marcel. "You crazy fellow, he is not dead!"

It was my turn to stare.

"Then where is he?"

"It would be money in my pouch if I knew. What made you think him dead Felix?"

"A man told me so."

"Pardieu!" he cried in some excitement. "When? Who was it?"

"To-day. I do not know the man's name."

"It seems you know very little. Pardieu! I do not believe M. le Comte is dead. What else did your man say?"

"Nothing. He only said the Comte de Mar was dead."

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. You believe everything you hear because you are just from the country. No; if M. le Comte were dead we should hear of it. Oh, certainly, we should hear."

"But where is he, then? You say he is lost."

"Aye. He has not been seen or heard of since the day they had the quarrel."

"Who quarrelled?"

"Why, he and monsieur," answered Marcel in a lower voice, pointing to the door of the inner room. "M. le Comte has been his own master too long to take kindly to a hand over him; that is the whole of it. He has a quick temper. So has monsieur."

But I thought of monsieur's wonderful patience, and I cried:

"Shame!"

"What now?"

"To speak like that of monsieur."

"Enfin, it is true. He is none the worse for that. But I suppose if monsieur had a cloven hoof one must not mention it."

"One would get his head broken."

"Of you Broux!" he cried out. "I have not seen you for half a year. I had forgotten that with you the St Quentins rank with the saints."

"You—you are a hired servant. You come to monsieur as you might come to anybody. With the Broux it is different," I retorted angrily. Yet I could not but know in my heart that any hired servant might have served monsieur better than I. My boasted loyalty—what was it but lip service? I said more humbly: "Pshaw! it is no great matter. Tell me about the quarrel."

"And so I will if you're civil. In the first place, there was the question of M. le Comte's marriage."

"What! is he married?"

"Oh, by no means. Monsieur wouldn't have it. You see, Felix," Marcel said in a tone deep with importance, "we're Navarre's men now."

"Of course," said I.

"I suppose you would say 'of course' just like that to Mayenne himself. You greenhorn! It is as much as our lives are worth to side openly with Navarre The League may attack us any day."

"I know," I said uneasily. Every chance word Marcel spoke seemed to dye my guilt the deeper. "But what has this to do with M. le Comte's marriage?" I asked him.

"Why, he was more than half a Leaguer. Perhaps he is one now. Some say he and monsieur were at daggers drawn about politics; but I warrant it was about Mlle. de Montluc. They call her the Rose of Lorraine. She's the Duke of Mayenne's own cousin and housemate. And we're king's men, so of course it was no match for monsieur's son. They say Mayenne himself favored the marriage, but our duke wouldn't hear of it. However, the backbone of the trouble was M. de Grammont."

"And who may he be?"

"He's a cousin of the house. He and M. le Comte are as thick as thieves. Before we came to Paris they lodged together. So when M. le Comte came here he brought M. de Grammont. Dare I speak ill of monsieur's cousin, Felix? For I would say, at the risk of a broken head, that he is a sour-faced churl. You cannot deny it. You never saw him."

"No, nor M. le Comte either."

"Why, you have seen M. le Comte!"

"Never. The only time he came to St. Quentin I was laid up in bed with a strained leg. I missed the chase. Don't you remember?"

"Why, you are right; that was the time you fell out of the buttery window when you were stealing tarts and Margot got after you with the broomstick. I remember very well."

He was for calling up all our old pranks at the chateau, but it was little joy to me to think on those fortunate days when I was monsieur's favorite. I said:

"Nay, Marcel, you were telling me of M. le Comte and the quarrel."

"Oh, as for that it is easy told. You see, M. le Comte and this Grammont took no interest in monsieur's affairs, and they had very little to say to him and he to them. They had plenty of friends in Paris, Leaguers or not, and they used to go about amusing themselves. But at last M. de Grammont had such a run of bad luck at the tables that he not only emptied his own pockets but M. le Comte's as well. I will say for M. le Comte that he would snare his last sou with any one who asked."

"And so would any St. Quentin."

"Oh, you are always piping up for the St. Quentins."

"He should have no need in this house."

We jumped up to find Vigo standing behind us.

"What have you been saying of monsieur?"

"Nothing, M. Vigo," stammered the page. "I only said M. le Comte"——

"You are not to discuss M. le Comte. Do you hear?"

"Yes, M. Vigo."

"Then obey. And you, Felix, I shall have a little interview with you shortly."

"As you will, M. Vigo," I said hopelessly.

He went off down the corridor and Marcel turned angrily on me.

"Mon dieu, Felix, you have got me into a nice scrape with your eternal chanting of the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for it. Vigo never forgets."

"I am sorry, I said. "We should not have been talking of it."

"No, we should not. Come over here where we can watch both doors and I'll tell you the rest before the old lynx gets back."

We sat down close together, and he proceeded in a low tone to disobey Vigo.

"Enfin, as I said, the two young gentlemen were quite sans le sou, for things had come to a point where M. le Duc looked pretty black at any application for funds—he has other uses for his gold, you see. One day monsieur was expecting some one to whom he was to pay a thousand pistoles, and to have the money handy he put it in a secret drawer in his cabinet in the room yonder. The man arrives and is taken to monsieur's private room. Monsieur gives him his orders and goes to the cabinet for his pistoles. No pistoles there!"

Marcel paused dramatically. "And what then?" I asked.

"Well, it appears he had once shown M. le Comte the trick of the drawer, so he sent for him—not to accuse him, mind you. For M. le Comte is wild enough, yet monsieur did not think he would steal pistoles, nor would he, I will stake my oath. No, monsieur merely asked him if he had ever shown any one the drawer, and M. le Comte answered, 'Only Grammont.'"

"And how have you learned all this?"

"Oh, one hears."

"One does with one's ears to the keyhole."

"It behooves you, Felix, to be civil to your better!"

I made pretense of looking about me.

"Where is he?"

"He sits here. I am page to the Duke of St. Quentin. And you?"

"Touche!" I admitted bitterly enough. Little Marcel, my junior, my unquestioning follower in the old days, was now indeed my better, quite in a position to patronize.

"Continue, if you please, Marcel. Yet in passing I should like to ask you how much you heard of our talk in there just now."

"Nothing," he answered candidly. "When they are so far down the room one cannot hear a word. In the affair of the pistoles they stood near the cabinet at this end. One could not help but hear. As for listening at keyholes I scorn it."

"Yes, it is well to scorn it. People have an unpleasant trick of opening doors so suddenly."

He laughed cheerfully.

"Old Vigo caught us, certes. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, when monsieur put on his proud look and said if it was a case of no one but his son and his cousin he preferred to drop the matter. But M. le Comte got out of him what the trouble was and went off for Grammont, red as fire. The two together came back to monsieur and denied up and down that either of them knew aught of his pistoles or had told of the secret to any one. They say it was easy to see that monsieur did not believe Grammont, but he did not give him the lie, and the matter came near dropping there, for M. le Duc would not accuse a kinsman. But then Lucas gave a new turn to the affair."

"How long has Lucas been here, Marcel? Who is he?"

"Oh, he's a rascal of a Huguenot. Monsieur picked him up at Mantes just before we came to the city. And if he spies on monsieur's enemies as well as he does on this household he must be a useful man. He has that long nose of his in everything, let me tell you. Of course he was present when monsieur missed the pistoles. So then, quite on his own account, without any orders, he took two of the men and searched M. de Grammont's room. And in a locked chest of his which they forced open they found five hundred of the pistoles in the very box monsieur had kept them in."

"And then?"

Marcel made a fine gesture.

"And then, pardieu! the storm broke. M. de Grammont raved like a madman. He said Lucas was the thief and had put half the sum in his chest to divert suspicion. He said it was a plot to ruin him contrived between monsieur and his henchman, Lucas. It is true enough, certes, that monsieur never liked him. He threatened monsieur's life and Lucas's. He challenged monsieur, and monsieur declined to cross swords with a thief. He challenged Lucas, and Lucas took the cue from monsieur. I was not there—on either side of the door. What I tell you has leaked out bit by bit from Lucas, for monsieur keeps his mouth shut. The upshot of the matter was that Grammont goes at Lucas with a knife, and monsieur has the guards pitch my gentleman into the street. Then M. le Comte swore a big oath that he would go with Grammont. Monsieur told him if he went in such company it would be forever. M. le Comte swore he would never come back under his father's roof if M. le Duc crawled to him on his knees to beg him."

"Ah!" I cried: "and then?"

"Marry, that's all. M. le Comte went straight out of this gate without horse or squire. And we have not heard a word of either of them since."

He paused, and when I made no comment said, a trifle aggrieved:

"Eh bien, you take it calmly, but you would not had you been here. It was an altogether lively affair. It wouldn't surprise me a whit if some day monsieur should be attacked as he drives out. He's not one to forget an injury, this M. Gervais de Grammont."

At the name intelligence flashed over me, sudden and clear as last night's lightning gleam. Yet this thing I seemed to see was so hideous, so horrible that my mind recoiled from it.

"Marcel," I stammered, shuddering "Marcel"—

"Mordieu! what ails you? Is some one walking on your grave?"

"Marcel, how is M. le Comte named?"

"The Comte de Mar? Oh, do you mean his names in baptism? Charles André-Etienne-Marie. They call him Etienne. Why do you ask? What is it?"

It was a certainty, then. Yet I could not bring myself to believe this horrible thing.

"I have never seen him. How does he look?"

"Oh, not at all like monsieur. He has only fair hair and gray eyes—que diable!"

For I had flung open monsieur's door and dashed in.

CHAPTER IX.

Monsieur was seated at his table talking in a low tone and hurriedly to Lucas. They started and stared as



With a cry Monsieur sprang toward me. "You lie, you cur!"

I had hardly been able to hold my words back while Marcel was disposed of.

"Monsieur, I know not myself the names of those men. Now I have found out. They"——

My eyes met the secretary's fixed excitedly upon me and the words died on my tongue. Even in my rage I had the grace to know that this was no story to tell monsieur before another.

"I will tell monsieur alone."

"You may speak before M. Lucas," he rejoined impatiently.

"No," I persisted. "I must tell monsieur alone."

He saw in my face that I had strong reasons for asking it, and said to the secretary:

"You may go, Lucas."

Lucas protested.

"M. le Duc will be wiser not to see him alone. He is not to be trusted. Perchance, monsieur, this demand covers an attack on your life."

The warning nettled my lord. He answered curtly:

"You may go."

"Monsieur"——

"Go!"

Lucas passed out, giving me as he went, a look of hatred that startled me. But I did not pay it much heed.

"Well!" exclaimed monsieur.

But by this time I had bethought myself what a story it was I had to tell a father of his son. I could not blurt it out in two words. I stood silent, not knowing how to start.

"Felix! Beware how much longer you abuse my patience!"

"Monsieur," I began, "the spy in the house is named Martin."

"Ah!" cried monsieur. "So it is Louis Martin, how he knew—— But go on. The others"——

"I lay the night in the Rue Coupe-Jarrets, not far from the St. Denis gate," I said, still beating about the bush, "at the sign of the Amour de Dieu. Opposite is a closed house, shuttered with iron from garret to cellar. It is not entered from a court behind. It is here that they plot."

Monsieur's brows drew together as if he were trying to recall something half remembered, half forgotten.

"But the men," he cried, "the men!"

"They are three. One a low fellow named Pontou." broke in upon them, and then monsieur cried out to me:

"Ah, Felix! You have come to your senses."

"I will tell monsieur all, the whole story."

He tested my honesty with a glance, then looked beyond me at Marcel, standing agape in the doorway.

"Leave us, Marcel. Go downstairs. Leave that door open and shut the door into the corridor."

Marcel obeyed. Monsieur turned to me with a smile.

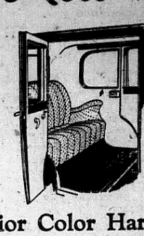
"Now, Felix."

(Concluded next week).

This limerick was a favorite of the late James Stalker, Scotch theologian:

There was a youg man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes
The one on the right
Was not much of a sight,
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...By...
JOSEPH C. LINCOLN,
Author of "Cap'n Eri"

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They sent for the weather prophet, who appeared, dirtier than ever. "Look here, Peleg," was the captain's salutation. "What do we feed you for? Here's the gov'ment weather sharp smellin' out a gale, an you ain't peeped. You'll have to put specs on your second sight or we'll ship a new prophet, one or t'other."

Mr. Myrick was troubled. "Now, Cap'n Ez," he protested in an aggrieved tone, "ain't I been tryin' to git at you or Brad for four days or more? I know there was a blow comin'. She's comin' a-bilin' too. And I don't need no specs nuther."

"Humph! Brad, this is the devil and all, isn't it? That'll do, Peleg."

"But, Cap'n Ez, there's somethin' else I wanted to tell you. I"—

"Never mind now. Put it on ice. Git!"

Peleg "got," but with reluctance. He kept looking back and shaking his head. Captain Ezra's face was very solemn. His forehead wrinkled, and he pulled his mustache nervously.

"By crimustee!" he muttered. "We have got to do somethin' quick. I know you don't take any stock in Peleg, but if that gale does come we're knocked higher 'n the main truck. She's loosenin' up so now that a tug might help us. I can git a little one from Vineyard Haven, skipper, engineer and all, for $40 a day."

"But they won't work on spec."

"No. I'm going to Wellmouth to see the bank folks. I'll tell 'em that if they ever hope to git back the rest of the money they lent on the Divin' Belle they must risk enough to pay for that tug. I'm goin' now."

"But you've been up all night. Let me go. You turn-in."

"Turn in be durned! I'd sleep about as sound as an eel on a perch hook. I can turn in when I can't do anything else. Goodby. Put in your spare time prayin' for me, will you?"

He went to Wellmouth, saw the people at the bank and, as he said, "talked from his boots up." At 12 o'clock of the following day the little tug put in an appearance. She got a grip on the Freedom's bow and pulled with the tide.

The expected gale did not come that day, but the next afternoon the sky was overcast, and the sun disappeared behind angry clouds. It was blowing fresh when Bradley, worn out, went to his berth at 9 o'clock. He had fought against going at all, but Captain Titcomb said: "Put in an hour or two anyway. I'll call you if you're wanted."

He called him before the second hour was up. "Come on deck, Brad!" he cried excitedly. "That sou'easter's on the road, and it's backin' up the biggest tide ever I saw. 'Tain't high water till 2, but she's pretty nigh as high as usual now."

The junior partner hurried on deck. The wind was singing in the rigging, and the waves were rushing past the barge, slapping furiously at her as they passed. The night was a dead black, and the surf on the ocean side of the Point boomed like heavy artillery.

"I've sent ashore for the day shift," said the captain. "We've got to make our fight now. Looks as if 'twas our last chance, and a mighty slim one."

The dories brought the tired men from the beach. They had worked hard all day, but they were ready to work still harder now. They realized that, one way or another, this was the end of the big job.

The little tug, bouncing up and down on the waves, was throwing her whole weight on the tow line. Alvin Bearse stood by the donkey engine ready to take in every inch of the cable. The partners were in the bow. The buckets were flying from the hold.

"She gained a heap last tide," murmured the captain. "This extry high water and the waves ought to help her like fun. But I'm 'fraid 'twon't be enough, and tomorrer the sou'easter 'll land with both feet."

Waiting was the hardest thing. A half hour seemed longer than an ordinary day. The wind gained in force little by little. The tide crept up the barge's side. At 1 o'clock it was far higher than it had ever reached before, and so powerful was its rush that the huge hull quivered in its grasp. The water, seen by the lantern's light, was the color of chocolate, streaked and marbled with lines and eddies of foam.

Half past 1. The captain put his watch in his pocket and wiped his forehead.

"I know how it feels when you're waitin' to be hung," he observed. "Thirty minutes for the firm to live, Brad; then"—

A mighty blow from a wave, a tremble and then a roll. The lanterns in the rigging spun around in circles. The men on the deck and below fell in heaps. The Freedom lifted, straightened and then began to rock in her cradle. The cables sagged into loops. Their silent partner, the tide, had come to the firm's rescue.

Bradley got upon his feet. "Haul taut!" he screamed. Before the order was given Bearse was back at his engine. The windlass shrieked.

Captain Titcomb roared through his speaking trumpet. The towboat shot forward, then back, her screw thrashing the water. The little You and I bobbed beside her. She was pulling too.

And then a long, scraping, breathless interval. A halt, a shock, and, pushing a wall of sand before her, the Freedom plunged into deep water.

There was no cheering. A subdued murmur, like a sigh, came from the crowd on her deck. Men drew sooty arms across wet foreheads and looked at each other without speaking. She was off the shoal, but far from being out of danger yet. She must be got over into the deep hole behind the Point, where she could safely ride out the coming gale. And to get her into this haven there was only the little tug to depend upon. Could the tiny craft do it in that wind and sea? If not, then the barge would almost surely drag her anchors, would strike again, and then—well, then all the work and the triumph so nearly won would count for nothing.

They brought her up to her anchors out in the middle of the channel. There they waited for the tide to turn. The silence was heartbreaking. Only now and then did any one speak. In clusters by the rail they stared at the big waves and the foam streaks gliding by. At last Captain Titcomb snapped his watch case shut and shouted through his trumpet. The towboat puffed into position. The anchors were lifted from the bottom. The time for the final test had come.

Then the little tug showed what she was made of. Coughing, panting like a bulldog straining at a chain, she pulled at that hawser, and, slowly at first, but gaining headway as she moved in the dead water of the slack of the tide, the Freedom followed her through the channel around the edge of the shoal into the cove and safety. At ten minutes to 4 that morning the last big anchor was sent down.

"There!" shouted Captain Titcomb. "She'll stay where she is now if it blows hard enough to frazzle out a handspike. Boys, the job's done. Knock off!"

They answered him with a cheer that woke the cat from his sleep beneath the stove at the lighthouse.

The tug took them to the Point. They perched all over her, heedless of the cold and the flying spray. The men were wildly excited over the unexpected good luck. They cheered the partners again and again and gave three groans for the "quitters," meaning Mr. Clark and his friends. Peleg Myrick was bearing his concertina to safe quarters in the shanty, and they insisted that he should play it. Peleg protested that it was too wet for music on board that tug, but they threatened to heave the "push and pull planner" overboard if he didn't play.

"Play somethin' we can sing," ordered Bill Taylor.

Peleg struck up a doleful dirge of the sea. It was loaded to the gunwale with wrecks and disasters.

"Belay that!" cried Barney Small. "We don't want no come-all-ye's. That's the tune that soured the milk. Give us a hoe down."

The musician considered; then he burst into the air that every fisherman knows:

"The grub is in the galley, and the rum is in the jug—
Storm along, John! John, storm along!
The skipper's from Hyannis, and he gives us bully mug—
Storm along, storm along, John!"

"Chorus!" howled Barney, waving his cap. They joined in with a whoop:

"Storm along, John! John, storm along!
Ain't I glad my day's work's done!
Storm along, John! John, storm along!
Ain't I glad my day's work's done!"

Bradley stood by the back door of the big shanty, looking out at the storm. The first sickly light of morning was streaking the dingy, tumbled sky. Inside the building the men were keeping up their celebration. No one had suggested turning in.

Captain Titcomb came around the corner. "There you are, hey!" he exclaimed, with a breath of relief. "Blamed if I didn't begin to be afraid you'd tumbled overboard. Well, son, we did it, by crimus! We did it, thanks to the good Lord for sendin' that whoopin' big tide. Titcomb & Nickerson ain't ready for the undertaker yit. Now you can go up to Orham and tell Gus Baker somethin' wuth while."

Bradley shrugged his shoulders. Now that the strain was over and they had won the thoughts that he had put aside were coming back. He was realizing that the firm's success didn't mean much to him. After all, what did he really care?

"I guess Gus wouldn't be greatly interested," he said.

The captain seized him by the shoulders and spun him around. "Look here, son!" he cried. "What fool idea have you got in your head? What's the matter with you? Wouldn't be interested! The girl that risked her life to haul you out of the drink!"

Bradley shook his head. "I guess you forget that Hammond was in the drink, too," he said.

Captain Titcomb smote his partner a blow in the chest.

"You crazy loon!" he shouted. "Is that what's ailin' you? Do you s'pose she cares a hurrah in Tophet for that scamp? Listen to me! I was closer 'n anybody to Gus when she rowed acrost the harbor that night. Sam was right under the bow of her skiff. He hailed her. She saw him—looked right at him. But she never reached out a hand. Left him to drown, like the durned rat he is, and went on after you. After you—d'you understand? Does that look"—

"Stop!" Bradley's eyes were ablaze. "Is that true? Say that again!"

"True? Say it again? I'll sing it or swear it on the Bible if you want me to. Why, you ought to git down and crawl to that girl. She's— Hi! Where you goin'?"

There was no answer. Bradley was running at full speed for the beach. A few minutes more and he was in the You and I, heading across the bay through the rising storm and in the dull morning light, bound for Orham.

And behind him from the shanty floated the chorus:

"Storm along, John! John, storm along!
Ain't I glad my day's work's done!
Storm along, John! John, storm along!
Ain't I glad my day's work's done!"

CHAPTER XXI.

GUS rose early that morning. The storm had awakened her. She pulled aside the window shade and peered out at the bare branches of the silver leaf beating and whipping in the wind, at the sheets of rain scudding across the little pond in the pasture, at the whitecaps in the inlet and harbor and at the angry sea outside. Down in the village the storm signals were flying from the pole on the cupola of Cy Warner's observatory. The southeast gale, foretold by the newspapers, had come.

She saw the lighthouse on Baker's beach, a small shadowy dot in the distance. Beyond it was the bay, and miles beyond that lay Setuckit Point. Only the landward end of the long beach was visible through the smears of wind driven rain, but she gazed in that direction for minutes.

Grandmother Baker was still asleep when Gus came downstairs. The girl went into the kitchen, where Winfield, gray muzzled and rheumatic, came, stretching and yawning, to meet her. She fixed the fire in the range, filled the teakettle and, putting on her apron, began mixing the rye muffins for breakfast. Every now and then she left her work to go to the window. The storm was growing steadily worse.



Then the reaction came.

The muffins were ready, and she put them in the oven. She went to the sink and pumped the tin hand basin full of water, but before her fingers touched it she heard the yard gate shut with a bang. She thought that "Blount's boy" must be coming with the morning's milk and stepped to the outside door to meet him, lifting the hook from the staple.

The door opened and Bradley Nickerson came in.

He wore no overcoat or oilskins, and his clothes were wet through. The rain poured from the visor of his cap, from his sleeves and the hem of his jacket. His face was dotted with drops, like beads of perspiration. He did not wipe them away, but stood there on Mrs. Baker's cherished ingrain carpet dripping and looking at the girl before him.

She did not seem to notice his condition nor appear astonished at his coming. Her first words were strange ones.

"Oh!" she cried. "Is she lost?"

"Lost?" he repeated. "Lost?"

"Yes, yes. The barge. Has the gale wrecked her?"

Bradley seemed to be waking from a dream. "Oh, the barge!" he answered slowly. "The barge? Oh, she's all right. We got her off."

Gus gave a little sob of joy. Her eyes filled with tears. "I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "I was afraid"—

He interrupted her by stepping forward and seizing her hands.

"Gus!" he begged. "Oh, Gus, do you love me?"

She did not hesitate nor seem surprised. "Yes," she said simply, looking up at him.

For an instant he returned the look. Then the reaction came. He swayed, sank to his knees and cried like a child, hiding his face in her apron.

And like a child she soothed him, stroking his wet hair and crying silently in sympathy.

"Oh, my dear," he pleaded over and over again, "I've behaved like a foolish child. Can you forgive me?"

She smiled, like the sun shining through the last drops of a summer shower. "It was my fault more than yours," she said. "I was selfish and so silly, but I didn't know—I didn't know."

"But you know now? You're sure?"

The answer was not in words alone and was entirely satisfactory.

• • • • • • •

When he got home Bradley swallowed the last drop of the "pepper tea" provided by Miss Tempy—he was in a mood where nothing short of a gallon would have daunted him—and hastened upstairs to put on dry clothes. When he came down he went through the motions of eating breakfast and answered as best he could the hundred and one questions regarding the floating of the Freedom that the old maids and Clara asked. He had been up practically all night, but was too excited to think of sleep, and, remembering how unceremoniously he had deserted Captain Titcomb, decided to go down to the postoffice and telephone to the Point.

The storm was in full blast by this time. The wind screamed through the treetops, and the thick ropes of rain shot downward with savage force. As he entered the postoffice the postmaster called to him through the little window in the center of the frame of mail boxes.

"Hi, Brad!" he hailed. "Is that you? I jest sent a boy uptown after you. Cap'n Ez has been keepin' the telephone hot for the last ha'f hour. He wants to talk to you the worst way."

Bradley was alarmed. Had anything happened to the Freedom? He entered the telephone closet, stood his drenched umbrella in a corner and gave the four rings which made up the Setuckit Point call.

The wire buzzed and hummed like an overturned beehive. The receiver at his ear wailed and screeched like a banshee. At length a faint "Hello!" answered his call.

"Hello!" he shouted. "That you, Cap'n Knowles? Yes, this is Brad Nickerson. I want to talk with Cap'n Ez. Can you get him for me?"

The life saver laughed. There were more buzzing and humming. Then Captain Titcomb's voice rose above the music of the storm.

"Hello, partner!" it called. "That you? You don't say! Well, this is Titcomb. No; the Freedom's all serene. She'll ride it out as slick as a duck in a bucket. But there's a feller here wants to talk with you. Prick up your ears now!"

Bradley heard his partner laugh. Then another voice began—a drawling, high pitched voice.

"Is that you, Bradley?" it droned. "This is me talkin'. Do you hear?"

"Me? Who's me?"

"Me, Peleg—Peleg Myrick. Cap'n Ez wants to know what I'd better do with the dynamite I've got buried under my shanty. I'm scart to death of it."

"The dynamite? What dynamite?"

"The dynamite I took off the Divin' Belle the day afore she was burned. Cap'n Ez ordered me to take it all out, so I done it the next forenoon. What'll I do with it? I've been tryin' to tell you an' the cap'n about it, but you never give me no chance. Skeezicks is the divil to dig, and if he scratches that stuff up, why"—

"Stop!" Bradley shouted it. "Wait a minute! Peleg, what are you talkin' about? Do you mean there was no dynamite aboard the Diving Belle when she burned?"

"Ya-as. I took it all out that mornin'. What'll"—

Again Bradley shouted, "Stop!" He wanted to think. If there was no dynamite aboard the schooner, why—why then the insurance could be collected. If— His heart sank again.

"I'm afraid that won't do, Peleg," he called. "She certainly blew up. I heard her and felt the shock under water. Everybody on the hill heard the explosion and saw it too. No, Peleg. Much obliged, but I guess you must have left some of it."

The wire whirred and sang. Then the drawling voice went on. It said:

"Cap'n Ez wants to know if the explosion wan't pretty small for a dynamite one, now that you come to think of it. He says what about the gasoline tanks?"

The gasoline tanks! The gasoline for the engine! It had been stowed in the bow of the schooner.

The receiver fell from Bradley's hand. He stared at the calendar on the wall of the telephone booth.

THE END.

RESTORED TO GOOD HEALTH

Mother of Eleven Children Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Her Interesting Experience



Buckingham, Quebec.—"I am the mother of eleven living children, and my baby is five months old. I am only 38 years old and I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and my nerves. I knew of it from my sister, Dame Edouard Bellefeuille of Ramsayville. For five years I was in misery and was always ready to cry. Now I am so happy to have good health. My daughter, who is 18 years old, has also taken it and will be happy to recommend it to all young girls."—Dame WILLIAM PARENT, Box 414, Buckingham, Quebec.

Why suffer for years with backache, nervousness and other ailments common to women from early life to middle age, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will give you relief?

In a recent country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, over 250,000 replies were received, and 98 out of every 100 reported they were benefited by its use. C

VENICE ON THE THAMES.

All the Charm of Italy's Romantic City Within Easy Reach of London.

The novelties with which the oldest pleasure institution in the country, the river Thames, provides us seem inexhaustible. It is only a short while since a rival to America's famed "Palm Beach" was established on Eel Pie Island, in the neighborhood of Hampton Court, and now, on Coney Island, less than a mile away, a miniature Venice is to be set up.

This is to be no mere gaudy sideshow, but a real production of the famous Italian city and its surroundings, as far as the grounds — some forty-five acres in extent—will permit. Foremost among the attractions of "Venice" will be the canals with a fleet of gondolas, fitted with taximeters, and for hire on the same principle.

A syndicate, with a capital of $2,500,000, has been formed to carry this plan into effect, the management being in the capable hands of Col. Harry Day, M.P.P.

It is believed that Coney Island in its new guise will become one of London's foremost playgrounds. An open-air fresh-water swimming-bath, firework displays and alfresco concerts are among the other attractions which will be provided, while a huge amusement park is to be laid out, with golf courses, tennis courts, and lawns for open-air dancing.

For those who desire to spend a week or so there, accommodation will be provided in a big hotel, run upon the most luxurious scale, and with a ball-room second to none in the country.

Why Trees Grow Straight.

Though firs and larches now grow "naturally" straight, this peculiarity in certain classes of timber is said to be the result of the trees growing together in close company, by which means they are also enabled to attain great height. Where trees are closely populated, each individual tree, to avoid being stunted must always be pushing upwards towards the daylight. Thus it is that with keen competition for a place in the light the trees take a direct line for this position, and the race being fast and furious they attain a remarkable height.

St. Mary-le-Bow.

St. Mary-le-Bow, London's church where hang the famous Bow Bells, serves five parishes with a combined resident population of only 100.

Haressed by Earthquakes

"The Land of Earthquakes," is how Martin M. Threlfall, in an article in the London Daily News speaks of Japan. Incidentally, the writer was in Japan, and experienced the devastating earthquake of 1925.

The Japanese Islands, he writes, are arranged in the form of a festoon, with its convexity facing the Pacific Ocean; this convex side slopes much more steeply than the concave edge. The Japan Sea to the west is shallow, but on the Pacific side the land in one place plunges down to the great Tuscarora Deep—to a depth of over 26,000 feet within 110 to 240 miles of the coast. Earthquakes are most numerous and violent on this slope.

So earth tremors have become a matter of almost daily routine for the Japanese people; 12,700 were recorded in the ten years 1885-1894, and from 1902 to 1907 the average annual number was 1,605. However, from 1601 to 1898 only 108 destructive earthquakes visited the country —one on an average of every two and three-quarters years—and only a few of these rank as outstanding disasters.

The earthquake of 1703 is reported to have cost 200,000 lives; in the Mino-Owari disaster of 1891, 7,000 lives were lost. And at noon on Saturday, September 1, 1925, seismographs all over the earth traced out the message of another great disaster in Japan in which probably 200,000 people were killed, and Tokio and Yokohama were almost wiped out.

Terrifying days followed the great shock of September 1, 1925. At 11 hours 58 minutes 44 seconds, a rumbling sound was heard as from a distance, followed immediately by a sharp, vertical earthquake shock, which lifted up the ground and then dropped it.

All this happened in a few seconds as the Japanese housewives were preparing the midday meal on the little charcoal fire, or hibachi, as it is known, which provides the means of cooking in every Japanese house. Then the earth started to settle down again, and more than 1,300 shocks were recorded in the next three weeks.

The Fates were, however, against Japan. Scattered by the violence of the first shock, the burning charcoal of the hibachi set fire to many of the houses. Then the winds rose and spread the flames. Yokohama, the great city that had arisen out of the insignificant little fishing village of Commodore Perry's day, was razed to the ground. Three-quarters of Tokio, a city of over 2,000,000 people, disappeared too.

In the great Yoshiwara, or licensed quarter, of Tokio, 2,000 girls who had taken refuge from the heat of the flames in the ornamental lake of the walled quarter, were boiled to death. A thriving trade was done later in photographs of the ghastly sight.

But tragedy had its culminating point on the vacant ground of the Military Clothing Depot at Honjo, Tokio, where 34,000 people, carrying the most cherished of their household goods, sought to escape from the heat of their burning homes. All but 200 were roasted to death.

And the Japanese people: What was their attitude in the face of disaster? They shrugged their shoulders. "It can't be helped," they said, in the words of a famous Japanese phrase. At a great memorial service at Honjo, I watched thousands of them pay their respects to the bones and ashes of their dead, collected at the depot.

There was no weeping; Japanese do not weep in public. My recollection is of endless lines of strained, but dry-eyed, people offering little sweetmeats for their departed, and saying prayers at the Buddhist and Shinto shrines.

After the earthquake, Yokohama was neglected. But the Japanese set out to build an even greater Tokio, a modern city on the most up-to-date American lines. Vincount Goto, the Home Minister, radiated enthusiasm as he told me of his great pains. Party politics later entered into the matter, and part of his plan was abandoned.

Nature has been unkind, to the Japanese in placing them in the most unstable region of the earth. So, after every disaster, they must go on saying: "Shagata ganai"—"It can't be helped."

Airplanes to Save Crops.

In the United States great success has been achieved in the fight against the boll-weevil in the cotton fields by spraying from airplanes. In Canada "rust" costs the wheat-growers enormous losses every year, and scientists have been grappling with the problem for decades. Efforts have been made recently to find a solution in the development of a rustproof wheat, but this means years of hybridisation. It is hoped that the use of airplanes may be more effective.

Special apparatus is being manufactured for attaching to the machines, and experimental flights will be made over this year's crops in the West. Great areas can be sprayed or gassed by airplanes flying low at high speed over the fields.

Plans are also being matured for attacking the bud-worm by the same means. This is a pest which destroys growing spruce forests and greatly hampers reafforestation work.

Salmon For All.

Salmon within the reach of every housewife—and not the tinned variety, but fresh.

This is what the Hudson Bay Company is now trying to supply. A new method of freezing has been discovered by which neither flavor nor food value is affected, and the fish can be taken from Newfoundland to the Old Country in perfect condition.

When fish so treated is bought, it is thawed in cold water and cooked. It comes to the table in first-class trim.

The quantity of this salmon placed on the British market is steadily increasing. This year's supplies are treble those of 1926; next year still more will be available.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

BUST OF HON. FRANK OLIVER.

Northern Alberta Pioneers Placed It In Old Timers' Cabin.

As their contribution to Canada's observation of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, the Northern Alberta Pioneers' and Old Timers' Association unveiled a bust of Hon. Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, directly in front of the Old Timers' cabin at the Exhibition grounds.

For the first time in the history of Canada, such a bust has been erected during the lifetime of the person honored. Mr. Oliver, who is a member of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, came to Edmonton in the spring of 1876, when the present city was a mere village controlled by the Hudson Bay Company. He established the first building for trading purposes on the present site of Edmonton outside the Hudson Bay fort, and continued as a trader from 1876 to 1884, bringing his merchandise in during the summer over the long prairie haul from Winnipeg with a freighting outfit.

In 1880 Mr. Oliver established the Edmonton Bulletin, and in 1883 was elected to the Northwest Council. From 1888 to 1896 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly which succeeded the council, and which had greater powers. In 1896 he was elected to the House of Commons for Alberta as an Independent-Liberal, and was re-elected at the general elections of 1900, 1904, 1908 and 1911 as Liberal. In 1905 he was taken into the Cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Minister of the Interior, and in June, 1923, was appointed to the Board of Railway Commissioners.

The bust, which was constructed and modeled by Major F. H. Norbury of Edmonton, is of Bedford limestone, brought from the quarries of Indiana because it is peculiarly adapted to the rigorous winters of Northern Alberta and will endure for hundreds of years. It stands seven feet in height and is placed on a bronze base twenty feet long and eight feet wide.

Murdoch McLeod, 83, the oldest of Edmonton old-timers, laid the corner stone. Mr. McLeod came to Western Canada in 1865, two years before Confederation.

QUEER FOOD IN THE SEA

People In the Old Country Eat Monks and Witches.

Last year the people of the Old Country ate 25,010 monks and 34,963 witches. There was nothing cannibalistic about this performance. Monks and witches are merely kinds of fish.

The monk, also known as the angel fish, is one of the ugliest creatures caught in British waters. It is about four feet long, sandy-grey in color, and has spines down the back and round its eyes. Its chief value is in its skin, which is used for polishing purposes. Its flesh, if coarse, is wholesome.

There were also landed nearly 50,000 torsk, a fish of the cod family, which lives for the most part in the cold waters of the far north. It is fairly plentiful off the Shetland Islands. Dried and salted, its flesh cannot be distinguished from that of cod.

One of the best fish in British seas, yet one seldom seen on a fishmonger's slab, is the gar fish, or mackerel guide. It gets the latter name because it is usually found in company with shoals of mackerel; it is often caught on a spinning bait used for taking mackerel. It is a long, narrow, silvery fish, and perhaps the reason why people are prejudiced against it is that its bones, when cooked, are green as grass. But it is a real delicacy, and those who know it prefer it to mackerel.

The big horse mackerel, or "scad," is usually thrown away, yet it is very little inferior to the ordinary mackerel. Whale beef is a little coarse, but quite good. The bottle-nosed dolphin has flesh resembling a tender beef steak.

Americans make soup and chowder out of the clam. Though few people know it, clams are quite common on many parts of the English coast. There are two sorts of clam, the "little neck" and the mud clam. They are dug from the sand, small blow-holes showing where they are buried. They can be eaten raw like oysters or boiled in their own liquor and then cooked in white wine, to which cloves and peppercorns have been added.

Scallops—scallops they should be called—are best fried in breadcrumbs. The scallop is taken in deepish water on rocky ground, and is about four times the size of an oyster.

Few people have any idea of the quantity of cockles eaten in the Old Country. The yearly catch is 15,000 tons. The flesh of the cockle has a food value equal to that of beef. Cockles are cooked by steaming and are usually sent to market ready cooked.

In spite of its hideous appearance the octopus or squid makes a good dish, and one particularly liked in the Channel Islands, where they call it the "Cat o' Nine Tails." Smoked and dried, the flesh resembles scraps of leather.

Vegetables as well as flesh food can be obtained in quantities from the sea. Carrageen (usually, but wrongly, called Irish Moss) is a beautiful red and purple seaweed found on many parts of the coast of Devon, Cornwall and West Ireland. It is boiled down to make a delicious jelly and can also be used for brewing a pleasant summer drink.

Samphire, which grows on sea marshes, is still used for a pickle, and the fruit of the sea buckthorn makes a pleasant sort of preserve.

Gyproc Wall Board

"Wall Plaster Casts in Sheets"

An interior finish for Walls and Partitions ready for decoration.

—For Sale by—

Robert Light

Lumber and Millwood

Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Will kill many times more flies for the money than any other fly killer. Each pad will kill flies all day, every day, for three weeks. At all Grocers, Druggists and General Stores — 10c and 25c per package.

VISCOUNTESS WILLINGDON.

Wife of Governor-General Interested In Her Home.

With the many demands upon her time and attention the Viscountess Willingdon takes keen and practical interest in housekeeping at Rideau Hall. The rooms of Government House have been enriched with beautiful furniture, rugs, screens and other objects of rare artistic value brought by their excellencies from China, India and other countries in which they have lived. Everywhere there are evidences of the touch of the artist homemaker, says the Toronto Star Weekly.

When plans were being shaped up early this spring for long-deferred minor alterations and repairs on Rideau Hall, and in fact, the work actually started, her excellency was untiring in attention to even the smallest detail which might contribute to satisfactory results. Before leaving on the vice-regal trip to the coast, she made frequent tours of inspection throughout the house from the cellar up. One day she opened the door of a room in which repairs were in progress and so doing screened the workman from view. It was only after she had studied the effect of what had been accomplished and turned to go out that she saw him.

"Oh," she said, with her quick laugh, "you should have made your presence known. I might have said something very uncomplimentary about you."

Needless to say she has captured those engaged on renovation and won their profound admiration for the keenness of her observation and thoroughness of her knowledge. "She couldn't be the daughter of Lord Brassey and be otherwise," commented the experienced workman who related the incident.

Cook's Regulating Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged for at 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

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A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

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Special Prizes to be Given at the Lennox Fair

August 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 1927

CATTLE SPECIALS

LIVE STOCK JUDGING COMPETITION

1—R. A. Daly & Co., Stock Brokers, Toronto, donates $25.00; The Canadian Department Store, $25.00; towards individual prizes; Dr. Stratton donates a handsome silver cup to the winning Team, also a handsome Trophy to the boy standing highest in Township of Richmond.

Cash Prizes

	Horses	Dairy Cattle	Beef Cattle	Sheep	Swine
1st	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00
2nd	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00
3rd	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
4th	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00

Medal.

A Silver Medal will be awarded to the contestant standing highest in judging each class of stock. No competitor will be paid more than one cash prize and may receive only one medal.

The contest is open to young men not over 25 years of age who have not won First Prize in a similar contest. Any young man who enters the contest may compete for the cash prizes and medals.

Each Township will have a township coach who must select three of the contestants to compete as a team for the Dr. Stratton cup.

Young men who have taken the regular course at O.A.C. are not eligible to compete.

Classes of stock to be judged will include heavy horses, dairy cattle, beef cattle, sheep, swine.

Agricultural Representatives from other Counties will conduct the contest.

The contest will take place at 9 a.m., Wednesday, August 24th.

Contestants must be members of the Lennox Fair.

2—Dairy Test.

(Open to all members of the Society)

Superintendent in charge—J. Laughland and Government Judge.

1. All animals competing in the Pure Bred Class must be recorded in the Canadian or American records.

2. At the time of making entry, the number of days in milk must be given.

3. All awards in the Dairy Test shall be made by this scale:

25 points for each pound of butter fat.
3 points for each pound of solids, not fat.
1 point for each 10 days in milk after the first thirty days.
Limited to 10 points.

4. The milking competition shall extend over forty-eight hours. Rations of cows will not be considered. Cows shall be milked three times per day.

5. They shall be milked dry in the presence of the judges on Wednesday noon and the test concluded on Friday noon. The percentage of fat to be determined by the Babcock tester, and solids by ascertaining the specific gravity of the milk, then estimating the amount of solids by the use of the authorized formulas for that purpose.

6. All animals must have calved at least six days before the beginning of the test.

7. To qualify for a prize, a cow must give at least forty pounds of milk in forty-eight hours.

8. All cows entering this contest must be on the grounds by 9 a.m., Tuesday.

9. Exhibitors will be responsible for the safe keeping of their cows during the test.

10. The Recorder of the Napanee Dairy Centre, or other person authorized by the Dominion Dairy Commissioner, will act as judge of this test.

Open to Pure Bred or Grades. All Grades must be sired by Pure Bred Bull. Name and number to be given at time of entry.

The following prizes will be given:

CLASS A—Pure Bred Cows—1st, $15.00; 2nd, $10.00; 3rd, $5.00. This prize is contributed by the Farmers' Dairy Company.

CLASS B—Grade Cows—1st, $10.00; 2nd, $6.00; 3rd, $4.00. These prizes are given by Campbell Huse, $10.00; J. L. Boyes & Son, $10.00.

3—Holstein Fresian Association of Canada—$15.00.

To the owner of the Holstein Fresian Cow, 48 months old and over, winning first prize.

4—Holstein Fresian Association of Canada—$10.00.

To the person owning the Holstein Fresian Heifer, under 48 months old, winning the first prize in this test.

5—Pure Bred Calf Club—Royal Bank—$16.00.

Members must not be over 18 years of age. Each member may select a male calf or a female calf or both. Calves must be born after January 1st, 1926. Members must feed and care for their calves until the date of the Napanee Fair, where the calves will be exhibited on the halter. Members must be prepared to show the Judge the pedigrees of the calves exhibited at the Napanee Fair.

Parents or guardians of members of the Calf Club must be members of the Lennox Fair.

Beef Breeds—1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00.

Dairy Breed—1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00.

This prize is given by the Royal Bank, who will issue Pass Books for the above amounts.

6—F. D. Marsh—$5.00.

For the best Shorthorn Calf of 1927, $2.50.

For the best Holstein Calf of 1927, $2.50.

7—Dr. Harold Ward, Englewood, N.J.—$30.00.

In memory of his father, Dr. G. C. T. Ward, who was one of the first breeders of Holstein Cattle in the County.

For best Holstein Bull, 1st $8; 2nd $5; 3rd $2.

For best Dairy Holstein Cow, 1st $8; 2nd $5; 3rd $2.

8—Belleville Creameries, Limited—Three signs for gate posts, showing farmers' name, Township and lot number.

One to each farmer finishing first, second and third in Dairy Test.

9—Get of Bull Competition—$30.00.

$15.00 donated by the Dominion Bank.

$15.00 donated by The Bank of Montreal.

DAIRY CLASS

The entry for this class shall consist of three animals under 24 months and over 12 months at time of Fair, all sired by the same pure-bred bull. An entry may consist of heifers, males or both sexes and it is not necessary that the animals all be owned by the one exhibitor. Males must be pure-bred, but heifers may be either grade or pure-bred.

1st, $10.00; 2nd, $5.00.

BEEF CLASS

Three animals under 24 months and over 12 months at time of Fair, all the get of one pure-bred bull. Open to heifers grade or pure-bred, steers and to pure-bred males. The animals may be owned by one or more exhibitors.

1st, $10.00; 2nd, $5.00.

10—Wm. Davis—10 lbs. roast beef.

For best Beef, 2 years old.

11—Bank of Montreal—$15.00.

For best herd of Dairy Cattle, one male and four females. 1st $10; 2nd, $5.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

12—D. B. Wilson—No-crank Freezer—Value $3.00.

For best 5 lbs. Dairy Butter.

13—McGreer's Grocery—$3.00.

For best 5 lbs. butter in one pound prints. 1st $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

GRAIN AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS

14—A. L. Dafoe—$5.00.

For best pair dressed Fowl, $2.50.
For best pair dressed Ducks, $2.50.

15—Dr. Willoughby—$5.00.

For best bushel Oats grown in 1927, $2.50.
For best bushel Barley grown in 1927, $2.50.

16—E. C. Metcalfe Canning Co., Deseronto.

For the best peck of Tomatoes. 1st 12 cans tomatoes; 2nd 9 cans; 3rd 3 cans.

17—Wallace Drug Co.—$10.00.

For best bushel Early Potatoes. 1st $3.00; 2nd $2.00.
For best bushel Late Potatoes. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

18—Empire Cafe—$2.00.

For the best 12 ears of corn on cob, grown in 1927.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

19—Canadian Canning Co., Napanee—One case peas.

For best display of Canadian Canning Co. goods.

20—Thompson Bros.—25 lbs. Flour.

For best loaf of bread made from Royal Household Flour, purchased from donor.

21—Webster's Grocery—$5.00.

For best layer cake. 1st, $1.50; 2d, $1.00.
For best loaf Brown Bread. 1st, $1.50; 2nd, $1.00.

22—Boyle & Son—Universal Cake Mixer—Value $6.00.

For the lady winning the largest number of points in Domestic Science cooking.

A 1st prize counts 5 points; 2nd prize counts 3 points; 3rd prize 1 point.

23—A. E. Caton—$3.00.

For best Pumpkin Pie. 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

24—Ogilvies Flour Mills, Montreal.

For the best loaf of bread made from Ogilvies Royal Household Flour. 1st, one bag; 2nd, ½ bag; 3rd, ¼ bag. Each exhibitor must attach to the bread exhibited an invoice covering the purchase of the flour from which the bread was made.

25—A. S. Kimmerly—25 lbs. Flour.

For best half dozen Buns.

26—H. W. Huffman's Grocery—100 lbs. Reindeer Flour.

For best loaf of bread made by a farmer's wife or daughter. It must be made from Reindeer Flour and must be purchased from Huffman's Grocery and have invoice attached to bread.

27—Denison Bros.—10 lbs. Shortening.

For best dozen Doughnuts made with shortening and flour purchased at Denison's.

28—W. H. Grass—50 lbs. Flour.

For best loaf of Bread. Flour to be purchased from donor and invoice attacted to bread.

APIARIAN SPECIALS

29—Napanee Marble Works—$5.00.

For the best jar of honey. 1st $1.50; 2nd $1.00.
For the best section of honey in comb. 1st $1.50; 2nd $1.00.

30—Harry Scott—$3.00.

For best collection and display of honey. 1st, $2.00; 2nd, $1.00.

FANCY WORK SPECIALS

31—Salada Tea Co.—10 lbs. Salada Tea—Value $9.50.

For Sweater Coat, wool knit, 2¼ lbs. Tea; Bed Spread, home woven, 2½ lbs. Tea; Quilt, pieced, cotton, 2½ lbs Tea; Scarf, out-door wear, knit or crochet, 2½ lbs. Tea.

32—Geo. Robertson & Son., Kingston—$5.00.

For luncheon set, 7 or 9 pieces, $2.50; Fancy Bed Spread, $2.50.

33—Mrs. Doxsee—$5.00.

For best hand decorated crystalline lamp shade of handkerchief linen or lawn.

FLORICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

34—W. S. Herrington, K.C.—$5.00.

Five prizes of one dollar each for best six blooms of Asters of different colors. One dollar for each.

Any exhibitor may compete for one or more prizes in this competition.

35—Haines Shoe Co.—$7.50.

Best four spikes of Gladioli of the following shades: Pink, Red, Salmon, Blue or Purple, White or Yellow. Each color to be in separate vase. 1st, $1.00 for each color; 2nd, 50c. for each color.

36—Thompson's Grocery—$2.00.

For best bouquet of cut gadioli, arrangement of bouquet to be taken into consideration, $1.00.

For best bouquet of named varieties of cut Gladioli, $1.00.

37—Imperial Tobacco Co.—$5.00.

Best bouquet Decorative Dahlia, 1st $1.50, 2nd, $1.00.
Best bouquet of show Dahlia, 1st, $1.50, 2nd, $1.00.

38—Hum Wah—$2.00.

Best collection of Zinnias. 1st $1.25, 2nd 75c.

39—Canadian Canning Co.—One case Tomatoes.

For the largest and best display of Sweet Peas. 1st, 12 cans, 2nd, 9 cans, 3rd, 3 cans.

40—Hydro Electric Co.—Toaster—Value $6.00.

For best hanging basket of flowers.

41—Skitch, the Photographer, Napanee—Six 8 x 10 photographs.

For best table bouquet.

FRUIT SPECIALS

42—Grand Cafe—$2.00.

For best plate of Duchess Apples. 1st, $1.50, 2nd 50c.

43—Fred Perry—$5.00.

For the best assortment of Winter Apples, 3 kinds, 4 of each variety, $2.50.

For best assortment of Fall Apples, 3 kinds, 4 of each variety, $2.50.

SHEEP SPECIALS

44—Paul Killorin—$5.00.

For best pen of Oxford Down Sheep, consisting of one ram, 1 year old, one ewe, two shears, one shearling ram, one ewe lamb. The above prize open to Lennox and Addington.

45—McIntosh Bros.—$5.00.

For best pen of sheep, any breed, owned in County of Lennox and Addington.

46—Madole Hardware Co.—Value $5.00—One gallon Zinc-o-lith White Paint.

For the best ewe, 2 shears, one yearling shear, one ewe lamb, owned in Lennox and Addington.

SWINE SPECIALS

47—Dr. Meng, M.P.P.—$5.00.

For three best bacon hogs weighing between 160 and 220 lbs.

48—Geo. Switzer—$5.00.

For best sow and litter of pigs. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

49—Card's Garage—$5.00.

For best Boar, $3.00.

For best Brood Sow, $2.00.

HORSE SPECIALS

50—W. J. VanDusen—Rug—Value $6.00.

For best single turnout driven by a lady to be shown third day of Fair. Open to Lennox and Addington.

51—Hiram Shannon—$10.00.

For best yearling colt by Rouget Second. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

For best Foal of 1927. 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00.

52—Wilson's Shoe Store—$5.00.

For best carriage colt foaled in 1927. 1st, $3.00; 2nd $2.00.

53—The Graham Co.—$10.00.

For the best single driving horse, owned by a farmer living in the County of Lennox and Addington, equipment considered. 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

54—Paisley House—$10.00.

For best driving horse, 15½ hands or under, driven by a lady. Open to Lennox and Addington. 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

55—Napanee Iron Works—$15.00.

For best pair of driving horses, equipment considered. 1st, $10.00; 2nd $5.00. To be judged third day.

56—Daly Tea Co.—$20.00.

For best heavy draught team, soundness and value to be considered, owned in County of Lennox and Addington. 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

For the best general purpose team owned in the county, 1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

57—P. V. Finnegan—Service fee of "Judge Carman" for 1927.

For best carriage colt by "Judge Carman" shown this year.

58—Ezra Pringle—Value $2.00—Four new shoes.

For best heavy draught colt foaled in 1927.

59—Joe Brown—Value $2.00—Four shoes.

For best roadster colt foaled in 1927.

60—E. O. Unger—$5.00.

For best single driving horse driven by a lady.

61—C. W. Hambly—$15.00.

For best single turnout, horse and outfit considered. 1st, $10.00; 2nd, $5.00.

62—C. A. Wiseman—$10.00.

For best saddle horse. 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00; 3rd, $2.00. To be shown last day of Fair.

POULTRY SPECIALS (Open Class).

The Napanee Poultry Association—$50.00.

63—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Cock.
64—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Hen.
65—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Cockerel.
66—$1.50 for the best Barred Rock Pullet.
67—$1.50 for the best White Wyandotte Cock.
68—$1.50 for the best White Wyandotte Hen.
69—$1.50 for the best White Wyandotte Cockerel.
70—$1.5 0for the best White Wyandotte Pullet.
71—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Cock.
72—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Hen.
73—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Cockerel.
74—$1.50 for the best S. C. Rhode Island Red Pullet.
75—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Cock.
76—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Hen.
77—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Cockerel.
78—$1.50 for the best R. C. Rhode Island Red Pullet.
79—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Cock.
80—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Hen.
81—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Cockerel.
82—$1.50 for the best S. C. White Leghorn Pullet.
83—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Cock.
84—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Hen.
85—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Cockerel.
86—$1.50 for the best S. C. Brown Leghorn Pullet.
87—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Cock.
88—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Hen.
89—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Cockerel.
90—$1.50 for the best Buff Orpington Pullet.
91—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Cock.
92—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Hen.
93—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Cockerel.
94—$1.50 for the best S. C. Black Minorca Pullet.

95—$2.00 for the best Pen in the Show.

W. A. Steacy—$6.00.

96—$1.50 for 1st prize White Wyandotte Cockerel.
97—$1.50 for 1st prize White Wyandotte Pullet.
98—$1.50 for best cockerel in the show, any variety.
99—$1.50 for best Pullet in the Show, any variety.

F. L. Hooper Special.

100—Their choice of sufficient of the best wall paper in our stock to paper any one room in the house, to any farmer's wife or daughter exhibiting the best cockerel and pullet. Winners of this competition in previous years will not be eligible. Any person competing for this special must have tag marked "for Hooper's Special," and all birds must be entered in open competition.

The following Poultry Specials are open to breeders in Lennox and Addington only.

Napanee Express—$20.00.

Captain Hughson—$5.00.

101—$1.50 for the best pair in Asiatic Breed.
102—$1.50 for the best pair in American Breed.
103—$1.50 for the best pair in Mediterranean Breed.
104—$1.50 for the best pair in English Breed.
105—$1.50 for the best pair in French Breed.
106—$1.50 for the best pair Ornamental Bantams.
107—$1.50 for the best pair Ducks in the show.
108—$2.00 for the best pair Geese in the show.
109—$2.00 for the best collection of Pigeons.
110—$2.00 for the best Cock in the show.
111—$2.00 for the best Hen in the show.
112—$2.00 for the best Cockerel in the show.
113—$2.00 for the best Pullet in the show.
114—$2.00 for the largest and best collection of any one standard variety.

Miscellaneous Specials Donated to Lennox Fair Towards Ball Games.

Robert Light—$15.00.
John Hubbs, M.P.—$10.00.
Standard Bank—$10.00.

Baby Show!

And Concert

In Front of the Grand Stand
Evening of the First Day

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd

at 7.15 p.m.

$32.00 - In - Prizes

NEW REFINEMENTS AND COLORS



AT NEW LOW PRICES

SELDOM do the lines and color harmonies of the costliest cars attain such exquisite artistry as those of the Jubilee Series Oldsmobile Six. Seldom do the finest of custom-built creations present more evidences of smartness and refinement than the luxurious interior of this latest Oldsmobile, with its rich mohair upholstery, its walnut-finish panels and trim, its deeply cushioned seats, its silver-finish hardware, its dome lighting.

And, in addition, Oldsmobile gives you a precision-built, six-cylinder engine of superb smoothness, power and flexibility—plus positive four-wheel brakes and every modern motor car feature.

Jubilee SERIES

Special 2-Door Sedan	$1,115
Special 4-Door Sedan	1,220
Special De Luxe Landau Sedan, with trunk	1,345
Special Commercial Coupe	1,095
Special De Luxe Sport Coupe, with dickey seat	1,205

Prices at Factory, Oshawa, Ontario—Government Taxes Extra

OLDSMOBILE

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, Napanee, Ont.

O-328C

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

STORE No. 10

Successors to

The Robinson Co. Limited, Napanee

22 STORES

Bargains From the House Furnishings Department

Now is the time to Varnish Your Linoleums and Floors

Linoshine is the best varnish for that purpose. Clear, hard wearing and quick drying. Dries hard over night. Imperial pint sizes, 85c.

Good Varnish Brushes, 25c. and 45c. (Rubber-set).

Stove Pipe Enamel

Jet Black, quick drying and almost odorless. Complete with Brush, 25c. each.

Interlake Toilet Paper

In large rolls. A very nice quality. 6 for 50c., or $1.00 dozen.

Strong Wagons for Boys, Special $1.95 and $2.25

These well-made Wagons are solid hardwood, and have Red Steel Disc Wheels and Solid Rubber Tires. Easy running and durable. Note the prices, two sizes, $1.95 and $2.25 each.

Reversible Chenille Mats

Size 19 x 38. Well assorted colorings, good wearing quality. These are good looking Rugs and excellent value for the price. Your choice, 95c. each.

Remnants of Curtain Materials at Very Attractive Prices

Many splendid lengths of best selling materials in the lot. Come in and save money on your curtain needs.

A very Special Value in

Men's Blue Serge Double Breasted Suits At $24.75

These are made from a very fine quality of Blue Serge—a quality that you would expect to find in a $30.00 Suit. Combined buying power gave us these at a price impossible to beat.

Sizes 36 to 42—Price $24.75.

Broken Lots of our Spring Stock of

Men's and Youths' Suits

Are all out in racks at greatly reduced prices. There are about fifty in the lot at time of writing this advertisement, and all sizes are represented in the lot.

$29.50 Suits are selling at $20.00. Other lines reduced to $12.50 and $15.00.

There are also about a dozen of which we have only one left, that we are selling at Half Price.

Men's Work Shirts

3 Specials at 79c., 95c., $1.29, Blue Chambry, Khaki, Railroad Blue

Black Denim Combination Suits for Extra Large Men

Leather Label quality. 6 only in sizes 46, 48 and 50.
Regular $4.00 line—Clearing at $2.50 each.

Men's Cotton Bathing Suits, Sizes 36 to 44 - 75c. Suit

Zimmerknit quality. Blue body and skirt, trimmed with Orange and Red.
Special price 75c. a Suit.

Boys' Straw Hats clearing at 25c. Each.
Children's Straw Hats clearing at 25c. Each.
Youths' $1.00 Snap Brim Hats clearing at 50c. Each.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED
STORE No. 10

Men's Made-to-Measure Clothing

Hundreds of Cloths to Choose From and all of Them New Goods

This week we received the new Fall and Winter style books, style cards and full assortment of Cloths for Fall and Winter Suits, Overcoats, Tuxedos and Dress Suits.

We invite you—yes we urge you to come in and look them over.

Special Sale of Men's Fine Shirts at $1.29, $1.50 and $1.95



Some with attached collar, but most of them with separate collar. Sizes 14 to 16½.

In the $1.50 range you will find $2.00 and $2.50 lines.

In the $1.95 range most of them are $2.95 values.

They are the clearing lines of the best shirt makers in Canada.

Men's All Wool Cashmere Hose, also Silk and Wool Hose, at 50c. a pair

Just the Hosiery to wear these cool evenings. Not too heavy, but they give one a cozy, comfortable feeling.

Sizes 9½ to 11½. 50c. a pair.

Men's Fine Sailor Straw Hats Half Price

$1.00 Hats for 50c.	$1.50 Hats for 75c.
$1.75 Hats for 88c.	$2.00 Hats for $1.00.
$2.25 Hats for $1.13.	$2.50 Hats for $1.25

PERSONALS

Mrs. Roy More is visiting relatives in Deseronto.

Mr. J. G. Fennell is on a trip to Edmonton, Alta.

Miss Edith Vine is spending a week in Peterborough.

Mr. W. A. Grange has returned from his trip to Europe.

Mr. George Toner, Detroit, is visiting his parents in Strathcona.

Miss Jean Graham is spending the week at Sans Souci.

Mrs. McGillivray, Picton, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Jewell.

T. J. Mooney, Oshawa, is spending a few days with his parents, South Napanee.

Mrs. Will Nichols, Winnipeg, Man., is visiting friends in Napanee for a few days.

Mrs. M. Ney Levitt, St. Louis, Mo., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon at Sans Souci.

Miss Helen Daly, Boston, Mass., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robinson and Mrs. Skelly, London, Ont., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Soby.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holmes and Miss Alice, Odessa, are visiting relatives at Acton and Comber, Ont.

Mr. Jas. A. Wilson spent a few days last week visiting his daughters in London and Hamilton.

Miss Phyllis Truscott, who has been spending the past month with her father, Rev. W. H. Truscott, has returned to New York.

Mrs. N. VanAlstyne has returned home after spending two months with her daughters in Syracuse, N.Y.

Mrs. J. F. Deschene and daughters, Alice and Helen, are visiting her daughter, Miss Clara, in Rchester, N.Y.

Mr. Roy Bartlett, New York, is visiting his father, Mr. Albert Bartlett, at Watercombe Camp.

Mrs. Clayton Richardson and daughter, Muriel, of Winnipeg, Man., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Anderson, Selby.

Those who attended the Mooney picnic in Hugh Mooney's grove were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mooney, son and daughter, of Brooklyn; Miss A. Callen and Miss Bradley, of Newark, N.J.; Misses H. B., J. and A. Mooney, Napanee; H. V. Mooney and family, Dan Mooney and family, John H. McCormick and sons, Wm. and Jos. Mooney, Napanee; Mr. and Mrs. E. Mohans, Mr. and Mrs. P. Mohans, Odessa; Wm. F. Mooney Oshawa. All spent an enjoyable afternoon.

Miss Muriel Shannon is holidaying at Rondeau Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Joyce, Toronto, are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Joyce.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwell Bell, Belleville, spent the week-end with friends at Empey Hill.

Mr. Roy White, former manager of the Standard Bank branch here spent the week-end with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Mackenzie are on a motor trip to Quebec.

Mrs. C. D. Eyvel, Galt, Ont., is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Chas. Lowry and Mrs. D. Loucks.

Miss Beatrice Walsh, Toronto, is spending two weeks under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Purdy, Detroit, Mich., are visiting friends at Napanee and Morven.

Mr. W. F. Mooney, of General Motors, Oshawa, returned on Sunday, after spending a holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Mooney, Napanee.

Mrs. I. D. Horsey, Toronto, who has been visiting Mrs. Hughson, The Hill, Napanee, has left for Kingston.

Mr. W. A. Hughson and Mrs. Hughson, who have been visiting the former's brother, Capt. Hughson, "The Hill," Napanee, have returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Moore and son, Clinton, of Toronto, spent the week end at Mr. Roy Moore's.

Mr. Charles Turner, of Toronto, who has been visiting at Roy Moore's, has returned to Toronto.

Messrs. Tom Hughes and Joe Bruyea, of Toronto, who have been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Moore, have returned home.

Mr. A. E. Lazier and sister are entertaining relatives from Chicago and Buffalo at Castle Inn, Picton.

Miss Lucy Wheeler, Rochester, N.Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Armstrong, Newburgh Road.

Mrs. Sybil Brown, Rochester, N.Y., is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Sidney Dryden and Mrs. G. Garrison.

Miss Evelyn Toner, Waukeegan Wis., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Toner, Strathcona.

Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Fellows are holidaying at 1000 Island Park.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Shier, Bowsman, Man., spent last week with friends in Napanee.

Rev. N. A. F. Bourne, B.A., of the Church of the Nativity, Toronto, and Mrs. Bourne, who have been visiting Mrs. Bourne's sister, Mrs. Hughson, The Hill, Napanee, have left for the Georgian Bay district, where they will remain during the early part of August.

Miss Lillie Wilson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Todd, Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Vanalstine, Chicago, are visiting his mother, Mrs. Irvine Vanalstine.

Miss Pearl Belshaw, Stirling, is the guest of Misses Henrietta and Audre Johnston.

Miss Hazel Vine, Winnipeg, Man., is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Vine.

Miss Eileen McCormack has been engaged as teacher in Camden East school.

Mrs. M. A. Young, Moose Jaw, Sask., is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Switzer.

Mr. U. J. Flasch, Carleton Place, is renewing acquaintances in Napanee.

Miss Pearl Price, Wellsley, Hospital, Toronto, is holidaying at her home at Newburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barker are guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. McClew.

Mrs. J. P. Watters and daughters, Mirror, Alta., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Warner.

Rev. W. P. Woodger left on Tuesday for a motor trip with Revs. W. R. Tanton, of Cobourg; R. T. Richards, of Port Perry, and R. H. Rickard, of Belleville, to Detroit, Cincinatti, Knoxville, Tennesee and Washington, D.C.

BIRTHS

O'Connor—At Napanee, on Sunday, August 7th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Morley O'Connor, a son.

MARRIAGES

Harshaw—Wilson—At St. Barnabas (Anglican) Church, St. Catherines, Ont., on Tuesday, August 2nd, 1927, by the Rev. Mr. Harper, Nellie Gray, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of Woodstock, Ont., to A. C. L. Harshaw, of New York.

DEATHS

Pybus—At Ottawa, on Tuesday, August 9th, 1927, Guy Pybus, aged 42 years.

Treleaven—At Napanee, on Saturday, August 6th, 1927, W. W. Treleaven, of Toronto, aged 50 years.

Prétty Nice Weather Now.

But soon the cold winds will blow—the frost and snow will come—and warmth—the cheery warmth of a comfortable coal heated home—will be necessary.

Do not delay—order your coal now and get the finest domestic coal produced—SORANTON.

Call us—92—We will be glad to give you service.

VANLUVEN—

A Black Business handled white. 36-a

Announcement!

E. R. Hewson wishes to announce that he has purchased the Drug Business formerly conducted by Mr. R. Knight.

A Drug Store Stock that will be fresh and complete has been ordered.

Become acquainted with our store, courteous and efficient service in all drug store needs at all times.

Hewson's Drug Store

'Phone 284. Napanee, Ontario.

William S. Detlor, brother of the late Mrs. Dr. R. A. Leonard, is the manager of the new LaSalle hotel at Kingston. Mr. Detlor has had a large experience in the C.N.R. and C.P.R. Hotels at Winnipeg, Montreal, Edmonton and Quebec.

The Mechanical Ear.

Those aggravating telephone messages the right wording of which so easily slips one's mind have for long been a source of worry to clerks and others.

Now a new invention has done away with this worry. One has only to press a switch and the whole of the actual conversation is automatically recorded on a cylinder.

Later, the machine, known as the telegraphone, can be made to "play" like a gramophone. Should a telephone conversation be disputed, the machine can relay the original words to the disputing party.

Each cylinder takes half an hour's conversation, plenty of warning being given when the time limit is nearly up. If the talk is not to be preserved, the cylinder can be scraped and used again. It will stand scraping ninety times.

The machine can also be used in conjunction with a wireless receiver to record telegraphic and telephonic messages, and if set for any hour of the day or night automatically records any message it picks up, stopping or starting as words or code signs are heard.

TAKE CARE IN SUMMER TOURING, OR ELSE—

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The radiator should have been cleaned out with lye solution and well rinsed with several changes of fresh water before you started. If you have any rain water left over after filling your quart bottle for use in the battery, use it to fill the radiator. There is no lime, magnesia or other chemical salts in rain water and consequently nothing for form scale within the radiator. Scale interferes considerably with the cooling efficiency and the hard water found in some portions of the country deposits oodles of scales—enough sometimes to practically close the radiator circulating system.

See that the cells of the radiator are not filled up with grasshoppers, bees, moths, butterflies and beetles caught on the fly and see that the hose connections are tight. Replace leaky hose at once and use white lead at the connections if tightening the clip does not stop the leak at this point. Take no chances when crossing desert country with water holes possibly 50 miles apart, but fill the radiator every time you stop for oil or gas, and carry a spare 5 gallons of water either in a can, iceless refrigerator or water bag. Climbing mountains presents much the same problems as crossing the deserts and the best cars will be handicapped by boiling water on long, bad grades, negotiated in intermediate or low gears. It helps a lot, of course, if you have had the carbon removed before starting on the trip; and don't forget that driving in second gear with the spark fully advanced—provided your motor is properly timed—will heat the motor less than driving in high gear with a retarded spark. The second gear was put in your transmission with more than one purpose in view—use it.

If a leak in the pump packing cannot be stopped by tightening the stuffing nuts, it is an easy matter to back off the pump collars and wrap the shaft with a few inches of cotton string.

Care of the storage battery is important. The action of the sulphuric acid in the cells often corodes the terminals so badly that it is impossible to remove them. To prevent this corrosion, remove the terminals and scrape them perfectly clean before replacing; draw the bolts up snugly and then apply a coat of cup grease to the outside of each—you can't put it on too thickly, especially on the positive connection.

The water level in the battery should be maintained at least a quarter of an inch above the battery plates, and in hot weather touring this means usually every other day—not every other week. Use only distilled water or pure rain water.

Gigantic Teeth Found.

Much interest was created a few months ago by the news of the discovery of the remains of monstrous animals in the State of Sonora in Mexico. These remains have now been examined. One was the tooth of an alosaurus, an animal in some respects like a crocodile, but of colossal size. This tooth, of which only the top is complete, is twelve inches long and four inches wide, and in its incomplete state it weighs over six pounds. It belonged to a creature sixteen feet high.

Another tooth was twelve. According to calculations by veterinary surgeons and dentists the complete set of teeth belonging to one of these huge beasts must have weighed nearly a quarter of a ton. Its head could not have been less than a good-sized motor-car, and the total weight of this monster must have been scores of tons.

The Mercy Bullet.

"Mercy bullets" that stun instead of kill will be used by Capt. Burnett W. Harris, of Chicago, to capture wild animals. An anesthetic within the bullets renders the animal temporarily unconscious.

SCHOOL FAIR DATES

Lennox and Addington, 1927

Odessa	September 12th
Stella	September 13th
Selby	September 14th
Tamworth	September 15th
Anderson	September 16th
Sillsville	September 19th
Denbigh	September 21st
Flinton	September 22nd
Camden East	September 23rd
Centreville	September 26th

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence Jinner.

Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing.

All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle.....75c.
Shampoo.....50c.
Hair Cut.....35c.
Also Scalp Treatment

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaten's.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S